

CALLING ALL
BOYS

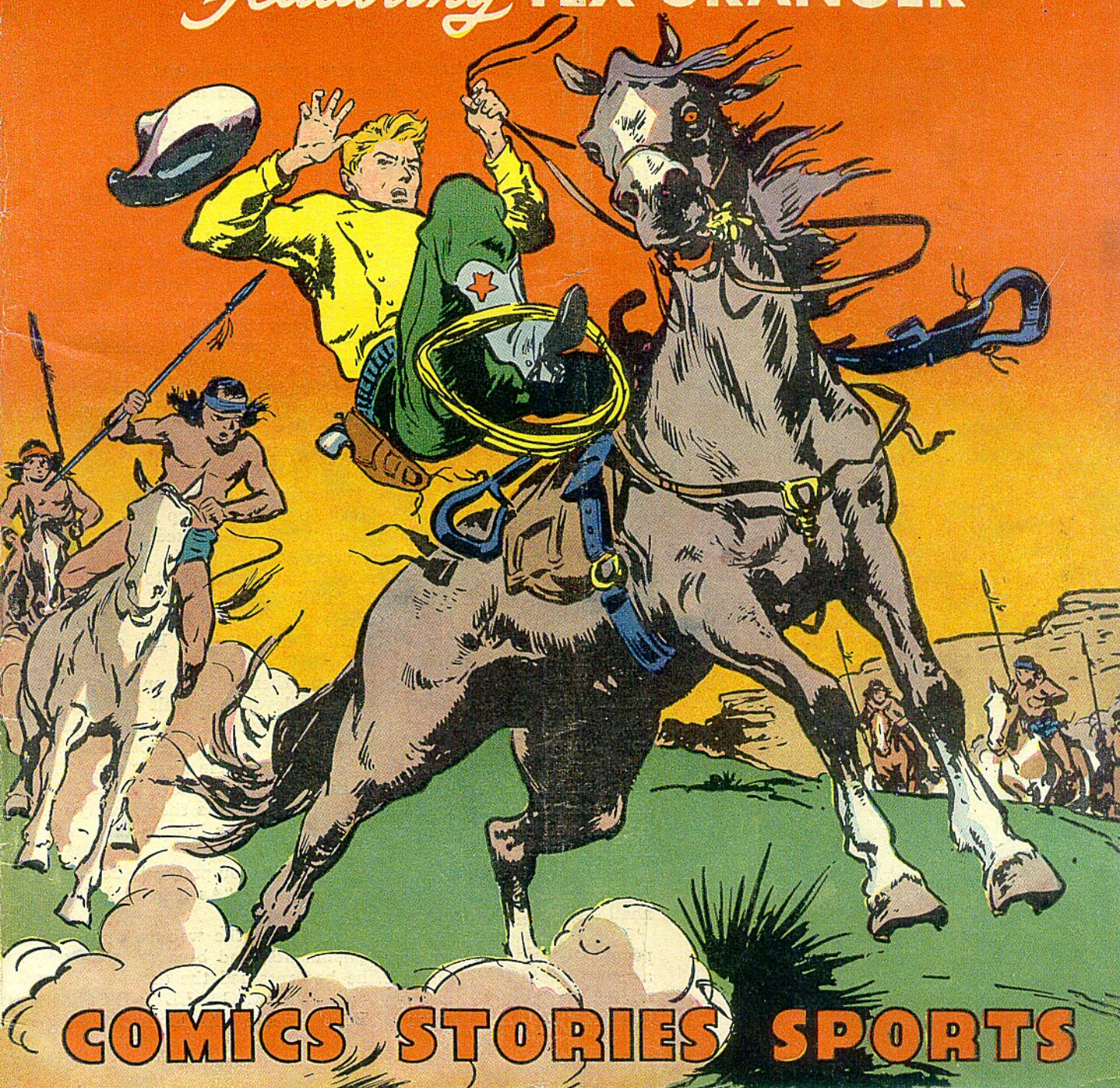
CALLING ALL

MARCH No.16

10¢

BOYS

Featuring **TEX GRANGER**



COMICS STORIES SPORTS



WEB COMIC
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**BOYS' HERO
OF THE MONTH**

GENERAL **“IKE”** EISENHOWER



IN 1942, when Europe lay crushed under the weight of the Nazi juggernaut, the Allies desperately needed a man who could take over-all command of our vast armies and supervise the gigantic and dangerous operations being planned. Dwight D. Eisenhower became that man—and from that moment on, freedom-loving peoples of the world hailed a new hero.

Even as a boy, General “Ike” had a reputation as a fighter. During one of his vacations from West Point, he heard a noted boxer claim that no one in Kansas could stand up to him. “Ike” challenged him to a bout, and knocked him out in two rounds.

During World War, I Eisenhower was an instructor at army camps in this country, and for years afterwards most of his time was spent at schools, studying strategy of modern warfare. He attended Army Service Schools, the Army and General Staff Schools, and the Army War College.

During the 1930's, while he was in the Philippines serving as General MacArthur's Chief of Staff, his far-flung duties required him to fly from island to island. In 1938, tired of being flown by other men, he learned to fly himself at the age of 48. He had 300 hours to his credit by the time World War II arrived.

In order to live up to the tremendous responsibilities of his position in World War, II, “Ike” had to give up any kind of dangerous action that endangered his life. He worked at his headquarters sixteen hours a day, seven days a week. All his life, General Eisenhower has sacrificed his hankering to be at the front lines of battle in order to fulfill his duties as a leader.

In England, he kept the same rules that applied to his men. His wife, Mamie, remained in the United States. His only son, John, attended West Point.

His duties as a leader, as he saw them, didn't end with the war. In the past two years, “Ike” has devoted himself to the winning of the peace, and his opinions carry weight in the important conferences where men are seeking to establish a peaceful world.

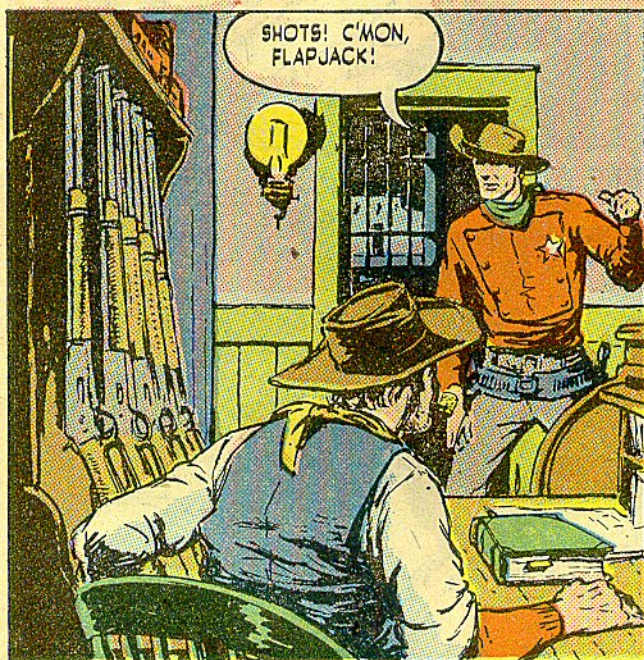
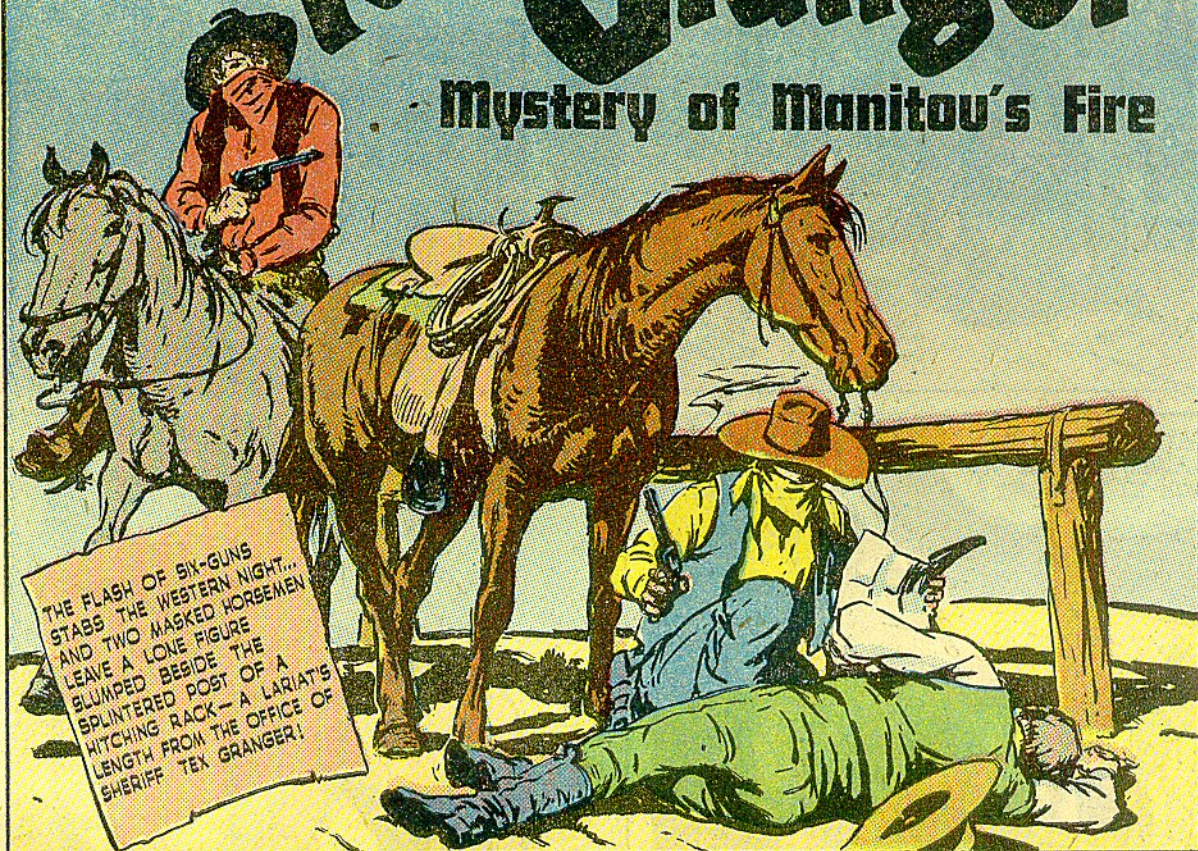
This year has brought him a new triumph. He now is president of Columbia University, one of the nation's greatest educational and research institutions. Of the 20,000 students there, many are ex-GIs, and they are as proud to study under him as they were to fight under him.

Recently, in response to the query “Will you prefer to be called Professor or General?” Eisenhower replied, “As long as I live, I shall most readily answer to the name ‘Ike’!”

And so, for his far-sighted devotion to the welfare of young people, for his military accomplishments, and because, although a man of international fame, he has retained the down-to-earth qualities of his Kansas boyhood, **CALLING ALL BOYS** hails General “Ike” Eisenhower as Boys' Hero of the Month.

Tex Granger

Mystery of Manitou's Fire

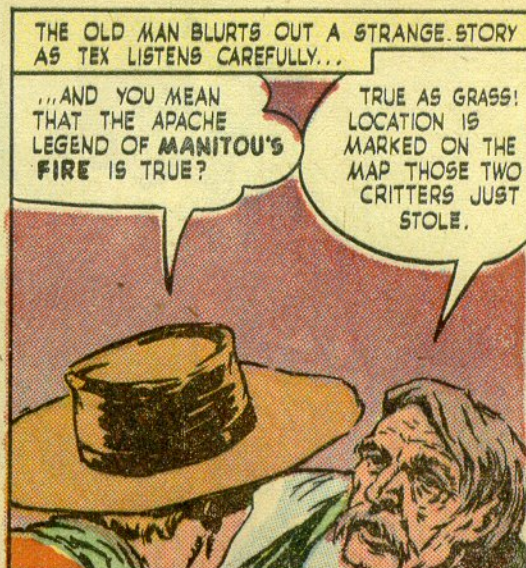




THAT'S OLD LEM CARR, THE OIL PROSPECTOR—

A BAD FLESH WOUND, OLD TIMER.

MY MAP—THEY TOOK MY MAP OF MANITOU'S CAVE!



THE OLD MAN BLURTS OUT A STRANGE STORY AS TEX LISTENS CAREFULLY...

...AND YOU MEAN THAT THE APACHE LEGEND OF MANITOU'S FIRE IS TRUE?

TRUE AS GRASS! LOCATION IS MARKED ON THE MAP THOSE TWO CRITTERS JUST STOLE.



GET A BUCKBOARD, FLAPJACK, AND HAUL THIS MAN TO DOC BLAKE'S.

SURE THING, TEX!

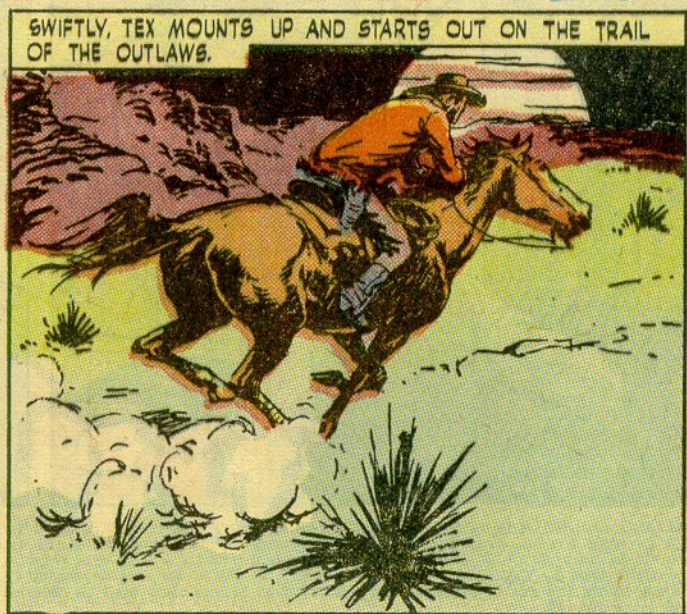


TEX'S KEEN EYES MAKE AN IMPORTANT OBSERVATION.

A FRESH BULLET HOLE! I'LL CUT OUT THE SLUG AND HAVE A LOOK AT IT.



A .38-CALIBER SLUG! EVERYBODY IN THESE PARTS TOTES A .44 OR A .45!



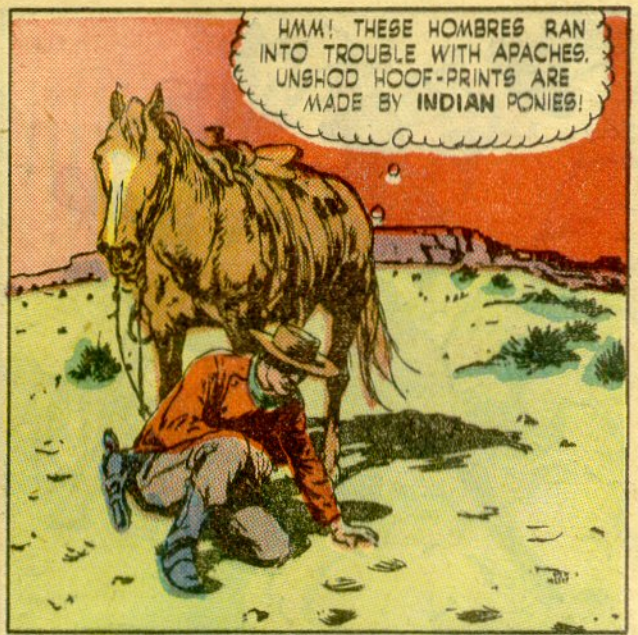
SWIFTLY, TEX MOUNTS UP AND STARTS OUT ON THE TRAIL OF THE OUTLAWS.

FOR TWO DAYS TEX GRIMLY FOLLOWS THE TRAIL... INTO THE BAD LANDS.

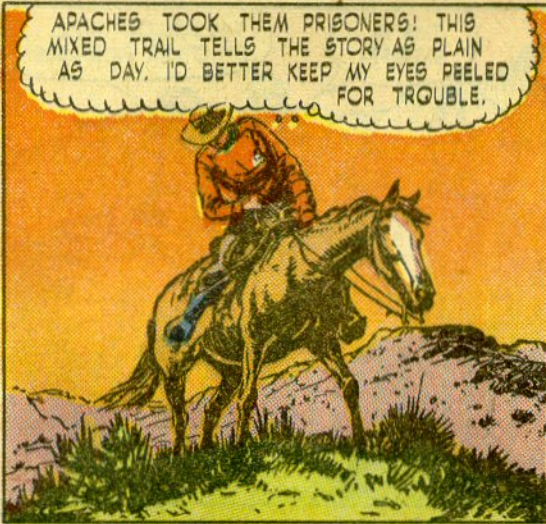
THEY'RE HEADING INTO APACHE COUNTRY! THE OLD MAN WAS RIGHT...



HMM! THESE HOMBRES RAN INTO TROUBLE WITH APACHES. UNSHOD HOOF-PRINTS ARE MADE BY INDIAN PONIES!

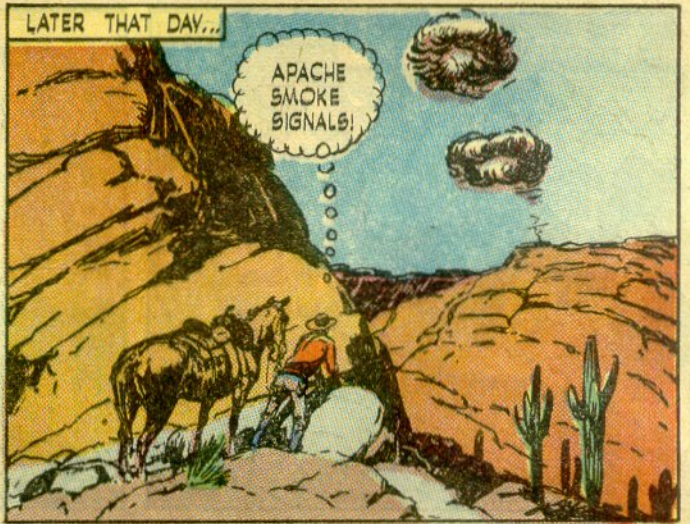


APACHES TOOK THEM PRISONERS! THIS MIXED TRAIL TELLS THE STORY AS PLAIN AS DAY. I'D BETTER KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR TROUBLE.



LATER THAT DAY...

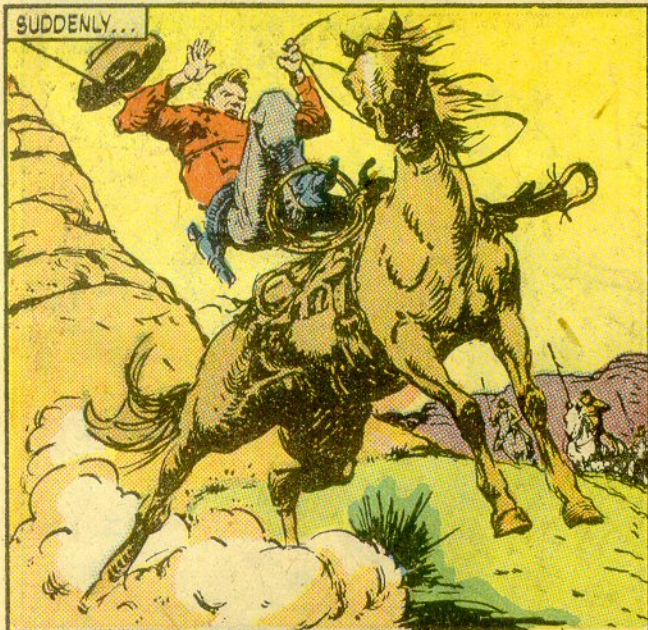
APACHE SMOKE SIGNALS!



THREE BIG SMOKE PUFFS SPELL... TROUBLE!



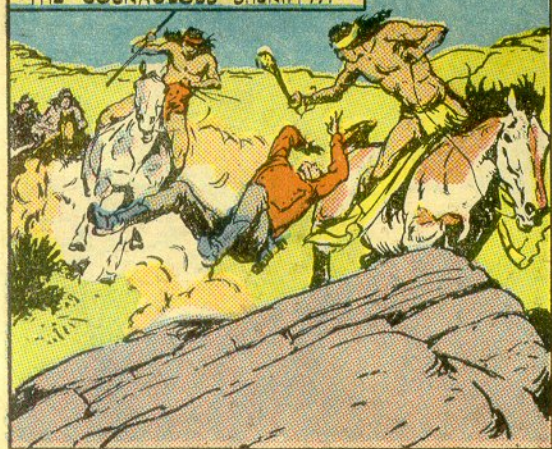
SUDDENLY...



A LIGHTNING TWIST AND TEX'S KNIFE-BLADE
FLASHES UNDER THE BRILLIANT SUN...

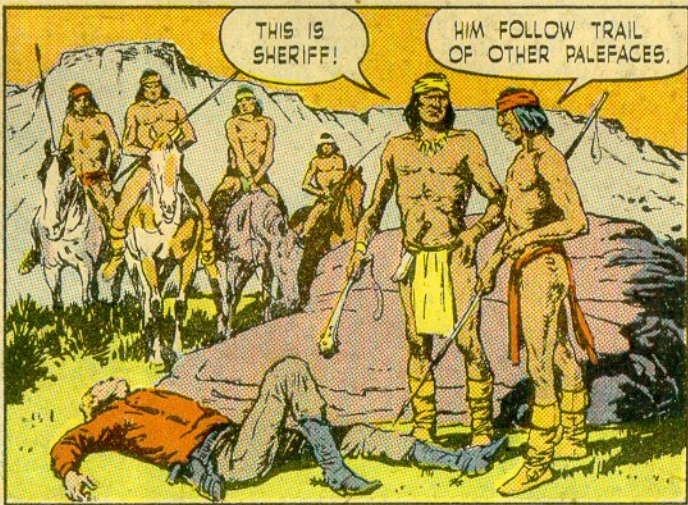


BUT THE APACHES ARE TOO NUMEROUS FOR
THE COURAGEOUS SHERIFF...

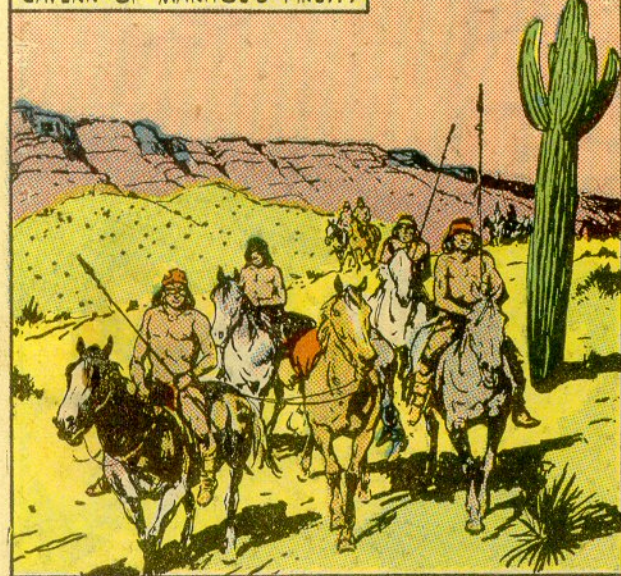


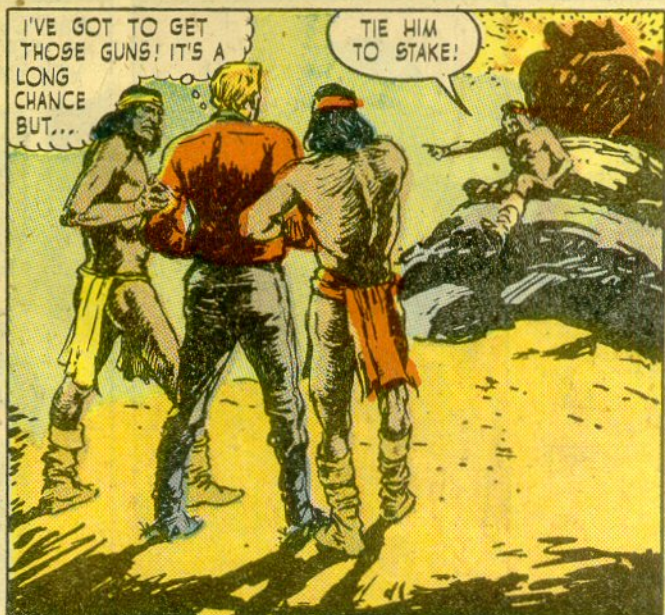
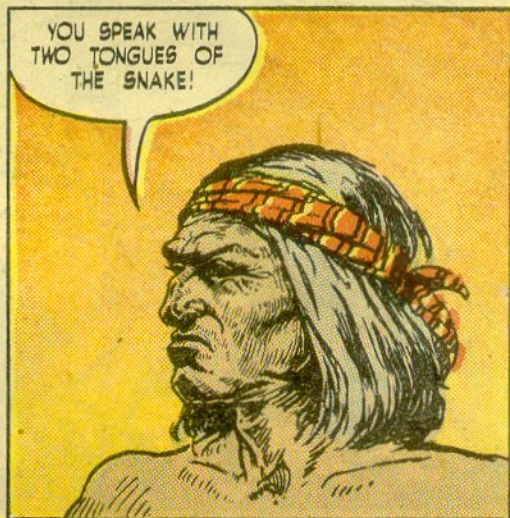
THIS IS
SHERIFF!

HIM FOLLOW TRAIL
OF OTHER PALEFACES.



HALF-CONSCIOUS, TEX IS BROUGHT TO THE SECRET
CAVERN OF MANITOU'S FIRE...





TEX'S FISTS FLASH LIKE SUMMER LIGHTNING AMONG THE STARTLED BRAVES.



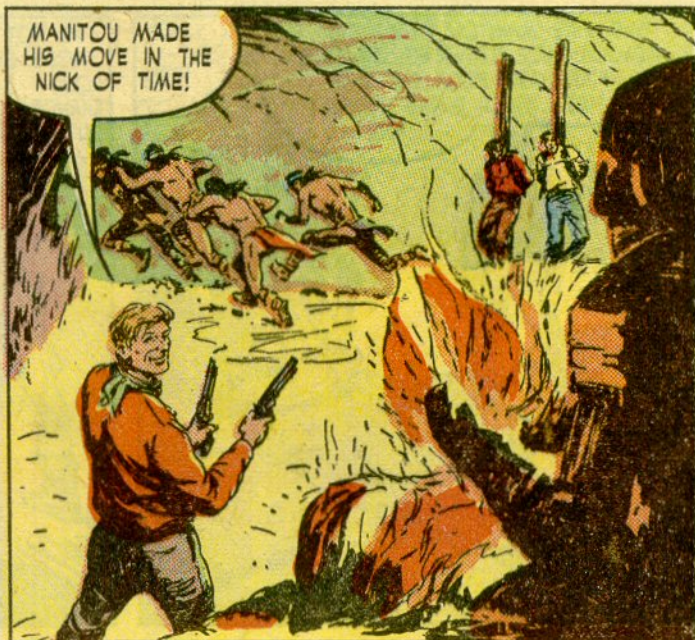
BUT SUDDENLY...

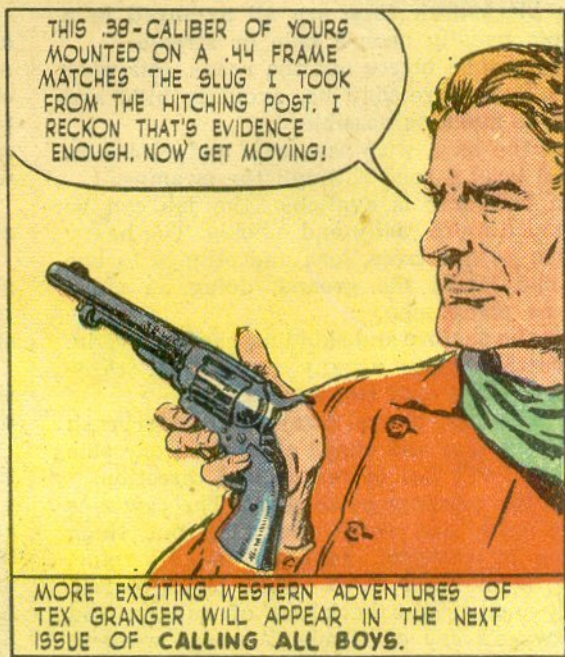
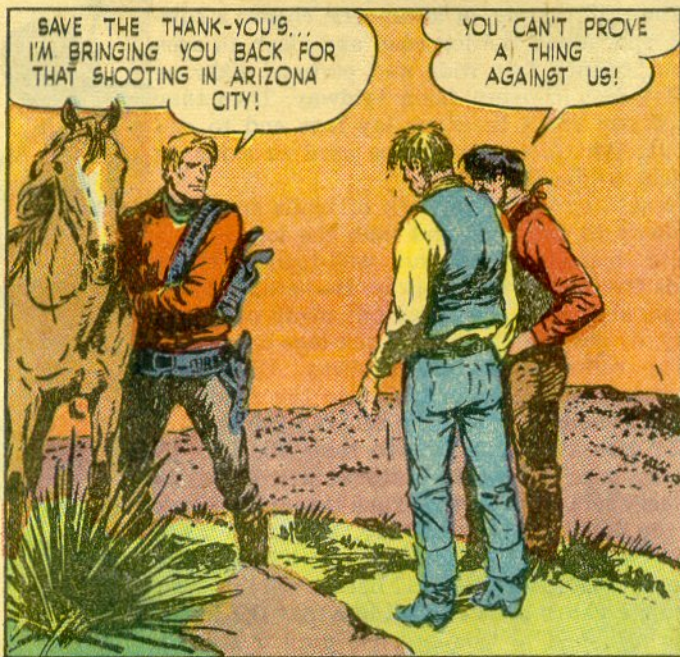
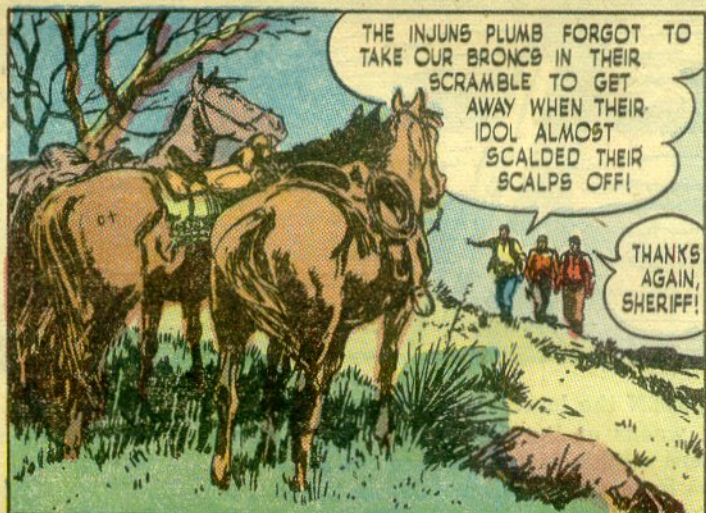


THE
MYSTERY OF
MANITOU'S
FIRE IS
SUDDENLY
REVEALED—
AS THE
OIL-POCKET
WHICH
FEEDS THE
LEGENDARY
FLAME
OVERFLOWS!



MANITOU MADE
HIS MOVE IN THE
NICK OF TIME!

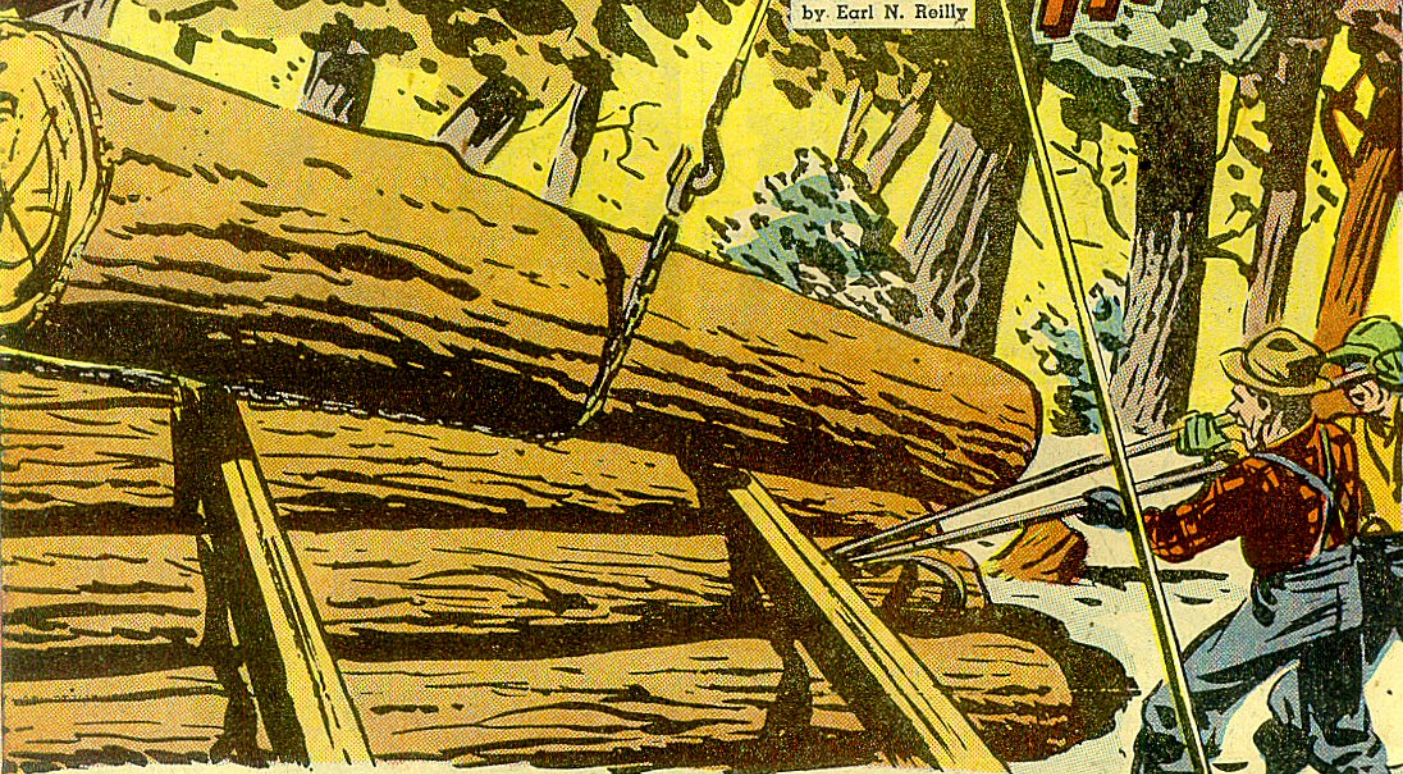




LOGGING

IN THE

by Earl N. Reilly



WHEN the lumberjack hies himself to the woods at the first tang of frost on the northern air his first task is to cut a log road. Camps have already been built in preparation for the gang. A cookery, bunkhouse, stables, and a blacksmith shop are all arranged in a clearing, usually near a lake or stream.

The foreman blazes out the roads, following any gulleys there may be, avoiding hills and grades as much as possible.

Then the men, with saw, axe, and grub hoe, cut and level a road through the swamps.

If a bulldozer is available, the job can be done much more easily and quickly. The heavy machine pushes trees, logs and stumps to one side, and levels the ground, doing as much work as many men.

Then the cutting and skidding gangs move in. A cutting gang usually consists of three men, a chopper and two sawyers.

The chopper clears away the underbrush around the tree and chops a notch in one side so that it will fall in the desired direction.

Then the sawyers go to work. The saw zips swiftly back and forth, throwing out thick streams of sawdust until the mighty pine, spruce, hemlock or birch slowly begin to fall.

They hastily get back out of danger, and the sawyer's cry of "Timber!" warns workers in the vicinity as the tree crashes through

smaller trees and undergrowth to raise a dense cloud of snow, as it measures its length on the ground.

The chopper measures the tree into log lengths and the sawyers cut it up.

The trail cutters, or swampers, choose a suitable spot along the log road and clear an area about twenty feet wide and perhaps sixty or eighty feet in depth for a skidway. Then they place two small trees, or lay logs end to end about eight feet apart to be used as skids on which to pile the logs.

Next they cut a network of trails from the skidway to the logs, and limb the logs.

The teamster, with his well-trained team, skids the logs to the skidway. He uses skidding tongs, similar to ice tongs but made of heavy steel, or a skidding chain if the logs are small.

"The roller builds the skidway. He places the first long at the end next to the road and blocks it solidly, then rolls others against it.

He uses a decking line to raise the logs to the top once he has the bottom started. This is a steel chain or cable that runs through a block at the head of the skidway. One end leads through another block to the trail where the team crosses; the other end lies across the logs. A pup, a sharp hook shaped like half the letter S, is attached to this end. He puts it around the log to be decked, the pup coming back

NORTH WOODS

underneath, and fastens the hook solidly in a log already on the skidway.

The team now hitches on to the other end and the log rolls up two skids, two pieces of timber about eight feet long and four or five inches thick, to the top of the skidway. The roller cuts it or rolls it, guiding it straight.

There is quite a knack in placing the logs securely so that they will not spill, and a friendly rivalry exists among the different rollers as to who can build the best skidway.

Dinner hour comes as a welcome intermission. One man goes early to the dinner place, lights a fire, and gets water heating for tea.

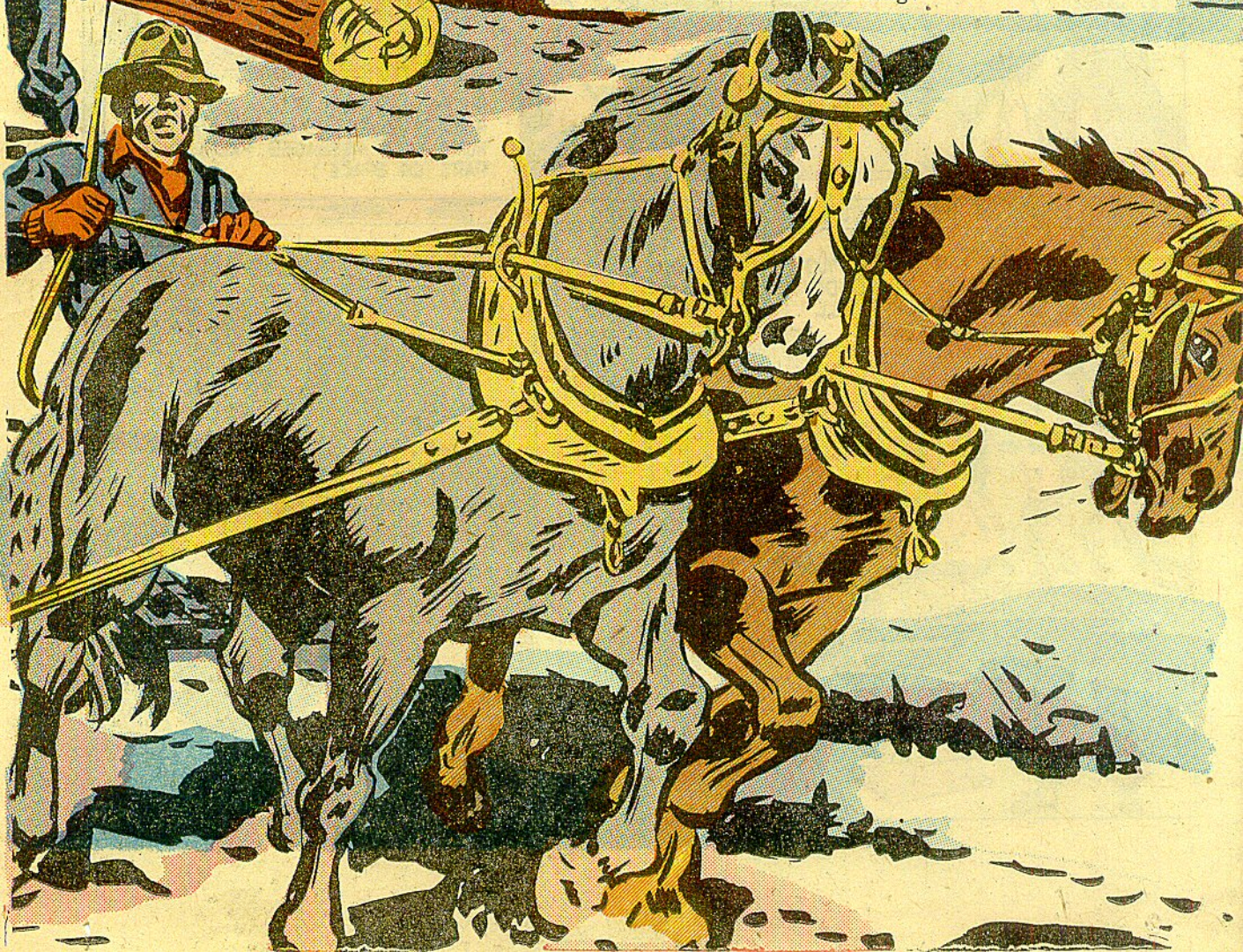
The men gather around, enjoying the warmth of the fire while they eat their liberal dinner of meat sandwiches, pie and cake, washed down with a hot drink.

After dinner, the men sharpen their axes or spend the time in friendly chaff. They usually give the horses, which are fed nearby, an hour to eat. Then they go back to work.

Early dusk finds the different gangs congregating in camp where a hot meal awaits them in the cookery.

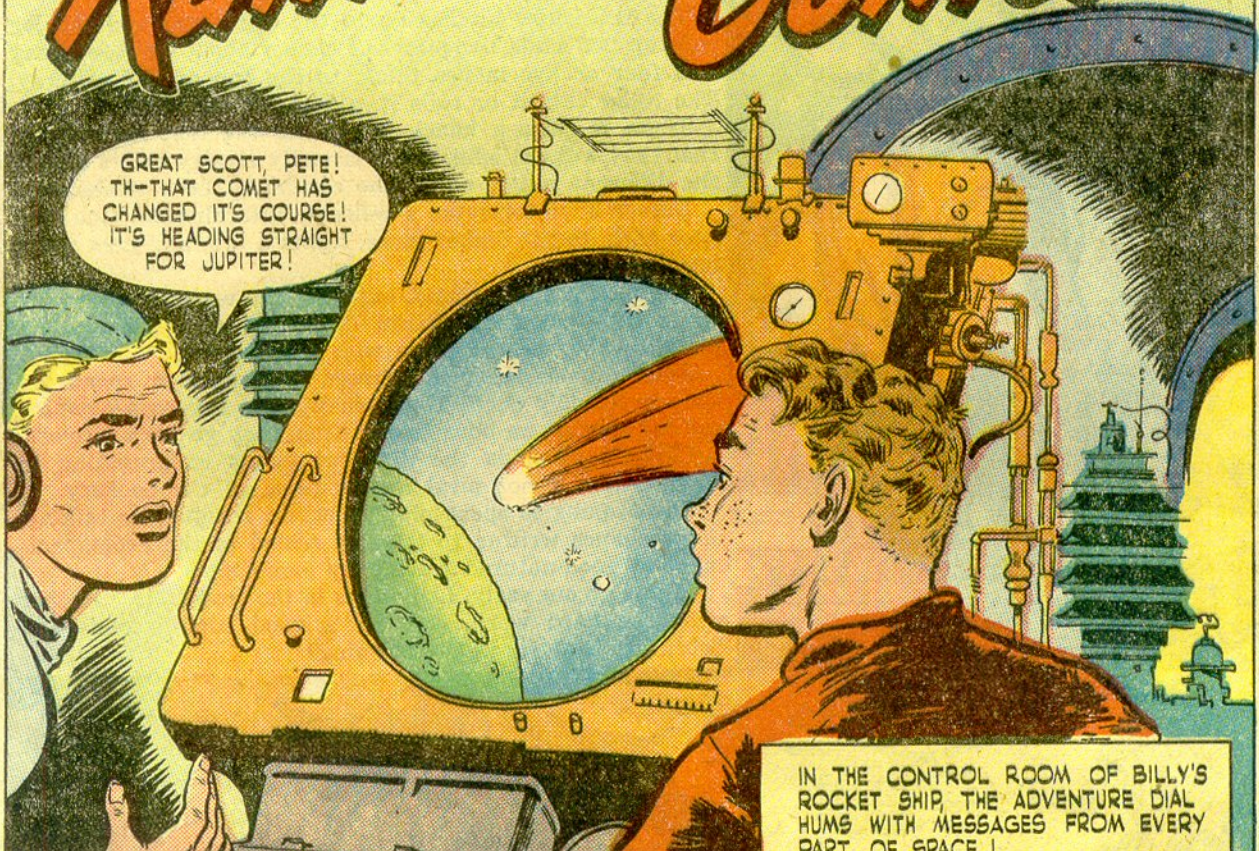
The evening is spent playing cards, reading, or talking, or perchance writing to the girl friend to the accompaniment of good-natured teasing by campmates.

Lights go out early. Long days in the frosty air, together with the hard work, call for a good night's rest—and breakfast is at six in the morning!



BIGBRAIN BILLY-THE SMARTEST BOY IN THE WORLD

RUNAWAY COMET



A large comic panel showing Billy and Pete in the control room of a rocket ship. Billy, on the right, is looking at a large circular video screen. Pete, on the left, is looking at Billy with a concerned expression. The screen shows a bright orange comet streaking across a blue sky with a green planet (Jupiter) in the background. The control room is filled with various mechanical components, pipes, and a large window in the background showing a cityscape.

GREAT SCOTT, PETE!
TH-THAT COMET HAS
CHANGED ITS COURSE!
IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT
FOR JUPITER!

IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF BILLY'S
ROCKET SHIP, THE ADVENTURE DIAL
HUMS WITH MESSAGES FROM EVERY
PART OF SPACE!

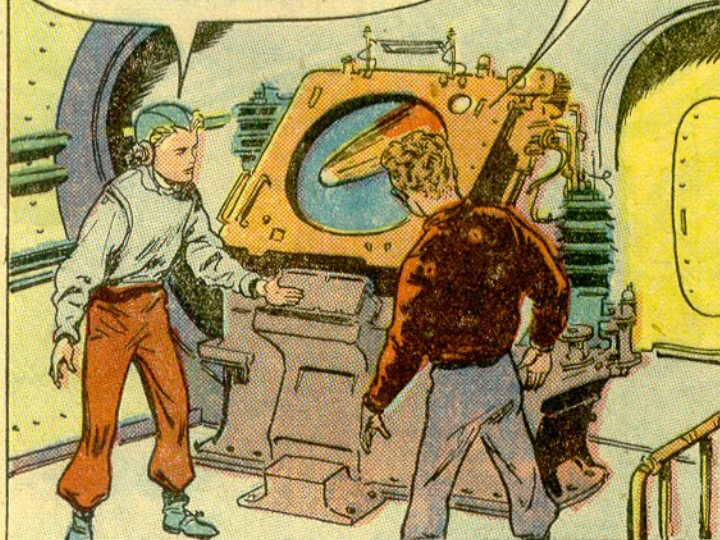
AS BILLY STARES AT THE ADVENTURE DIAL'S VIDEO SCREEN...

SOMETHING PULLED THE COMET
OUT OF ITS ORBIT! THE GRAVITY TUG
OF A VIOLENT SUNSPOT COULD DO IT!
IF JUPITER ISN'T SMASHED-IT WILL
TAKE A TERRIFIC POUNDING!

AND T-THERE'S
AN EARTH COLONY
ON JUPITER!
G-GOSH, BILLY...

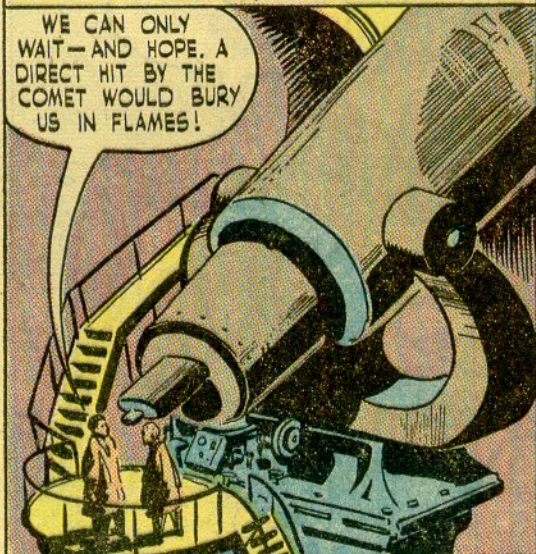
THERE'S NOTHING
WE CAN DO! WE'RE
AS HELPLESS AS-

HELPLESS NOTHING!
GET DOWN TO THE
ROCKET ROOM AND
RIP THE CAPS OFF
THE ATOMOTOR
TUBES! WE'VE GOT
TO STOP THAT
COLLISION!



AT THAT MOMENT, ON JUPITER ...

WE CAN ONLY
WAIT—AND HOPE. A
DIRECT HIT BY THE
COMET WOULD BURY
US IN FLAMES!



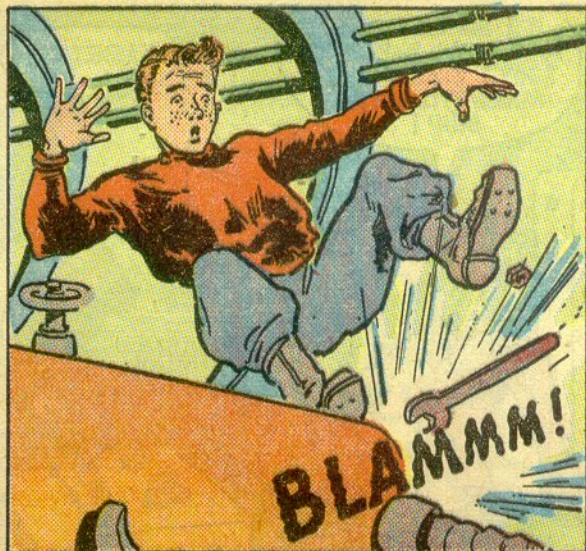
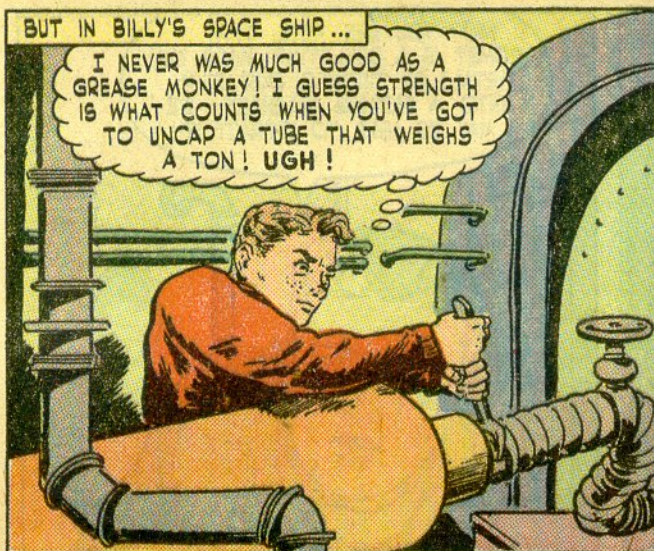
OUTSIDE THE LITTLE OBSERVATORY, STARK TERROR
GRIPS THE COLONY OF EARTHMEN.

IT SHINES RIGHT
THROUGH THE MIST!
NOTHING CAN
SAVE US NOW!



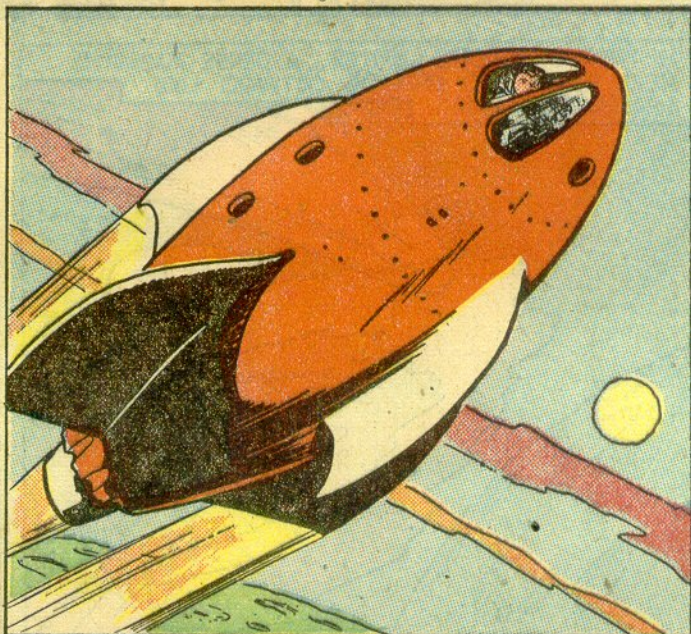
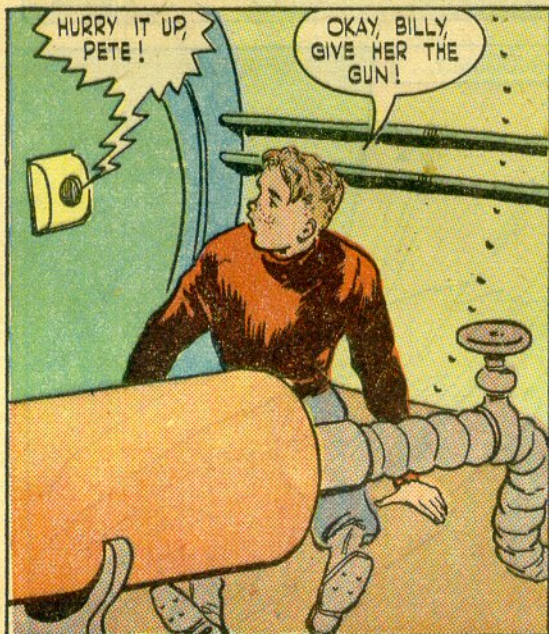
BUT IN BILLY'S SPACE SHIP ...

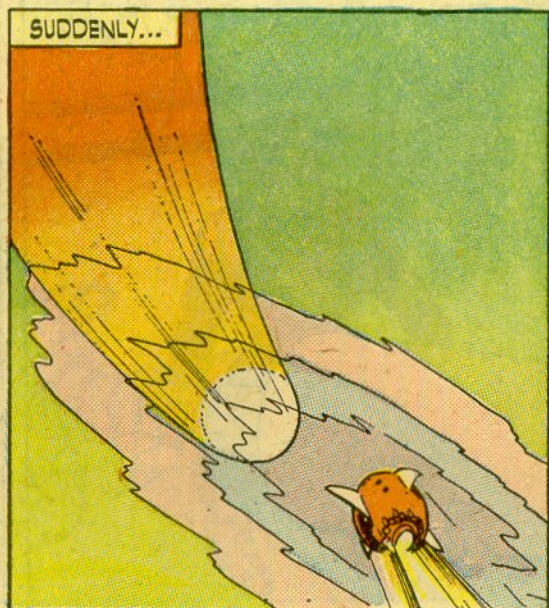
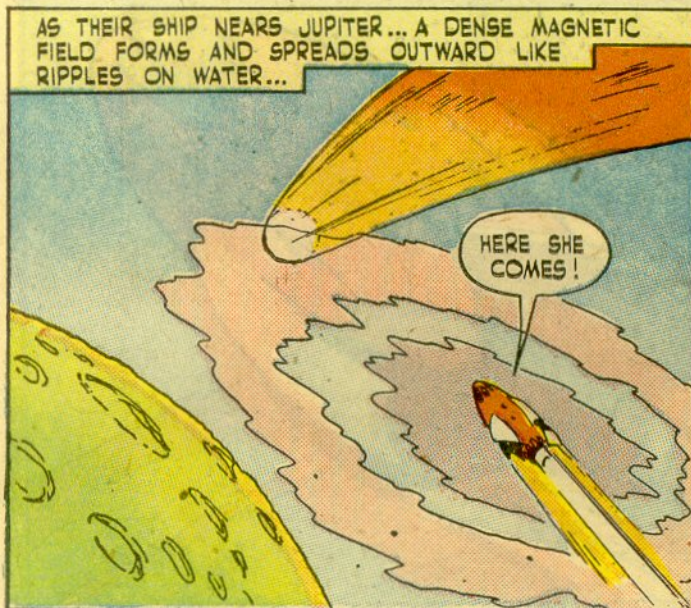
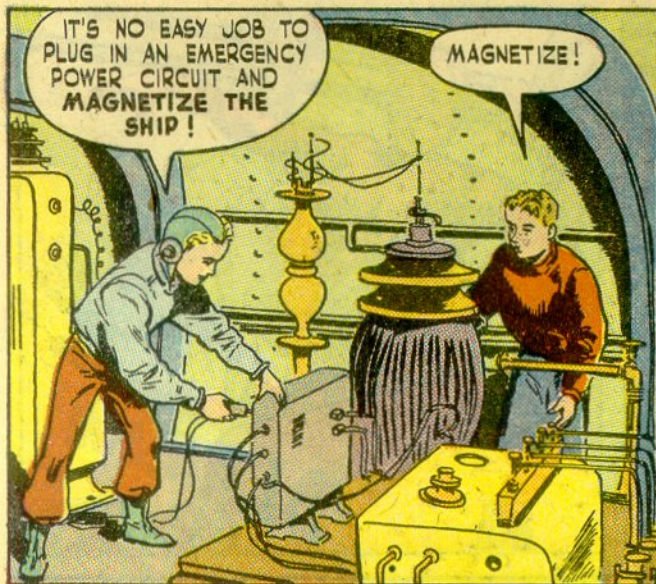
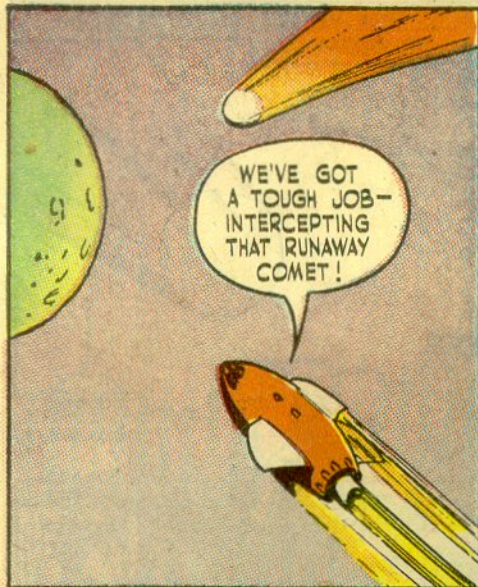
I NEVER WAS MUCH GOOD AS A
GREASE MONKEY! I GUESS STRENGTH
IS WHAT COUNTS WHEN YOU'VE GOT
TO UNCAP A TUBE THAT WEIGHS
A TON! UGH!

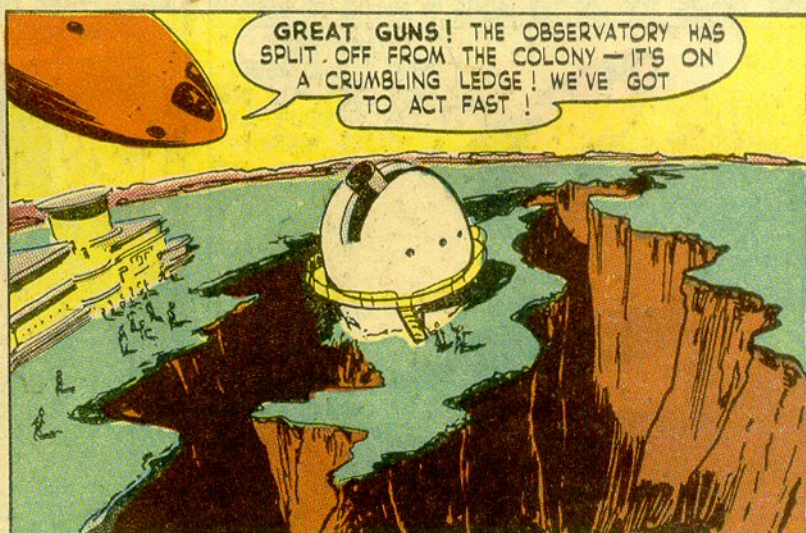
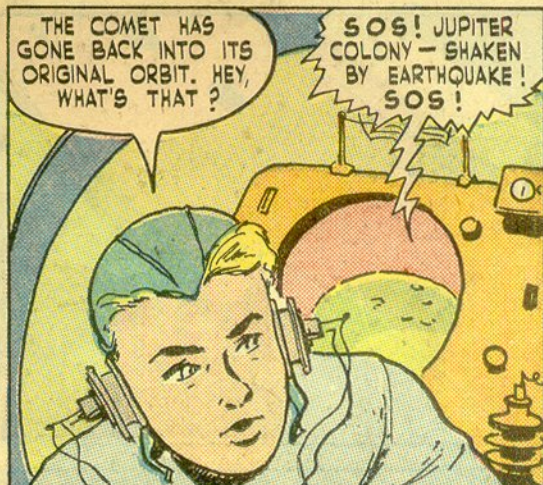
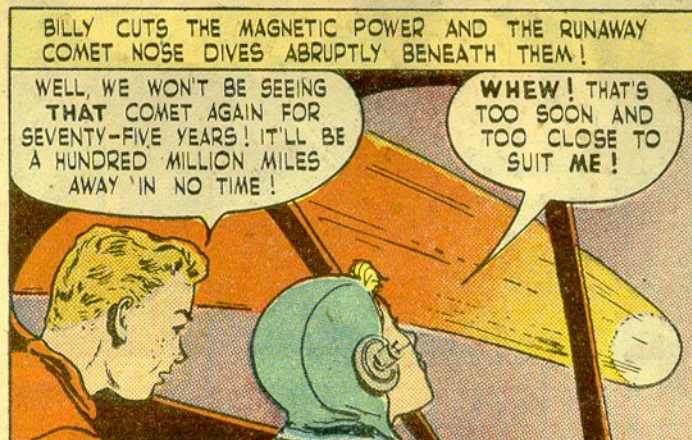
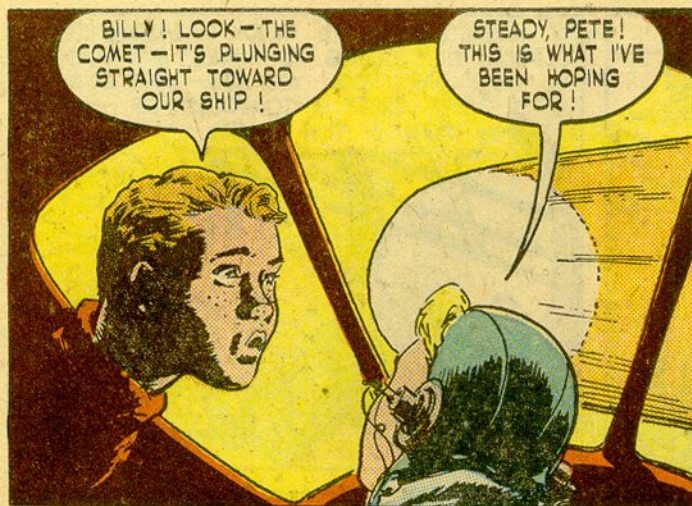


HURRY IT UP,
PETE!

OKAY, BILLY,
GIVE HER THE
GUN!







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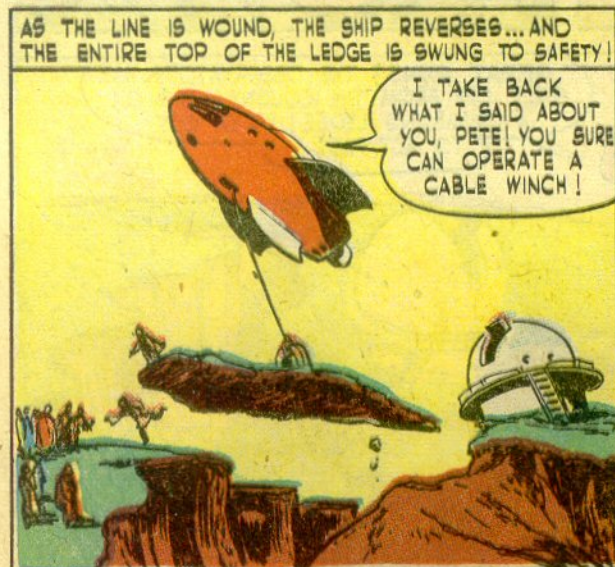
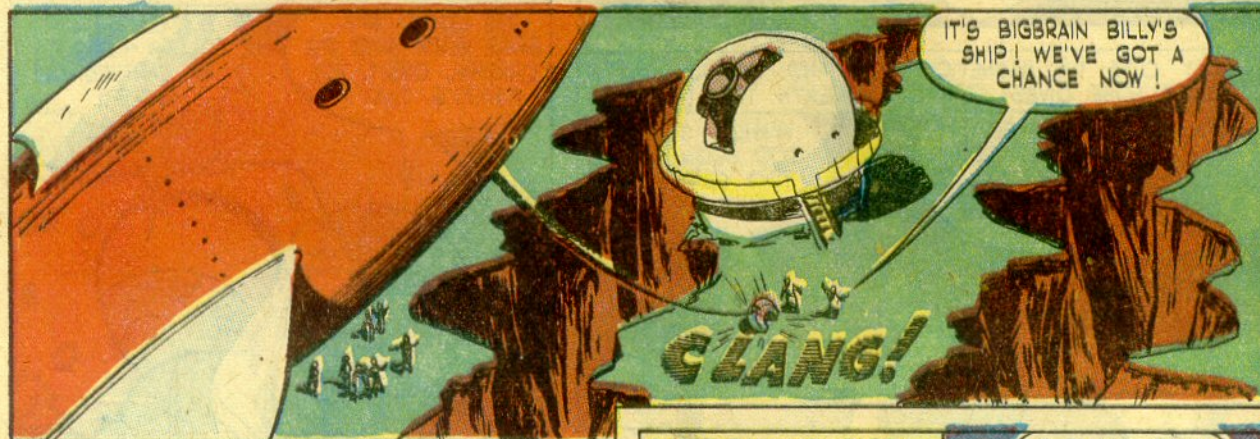
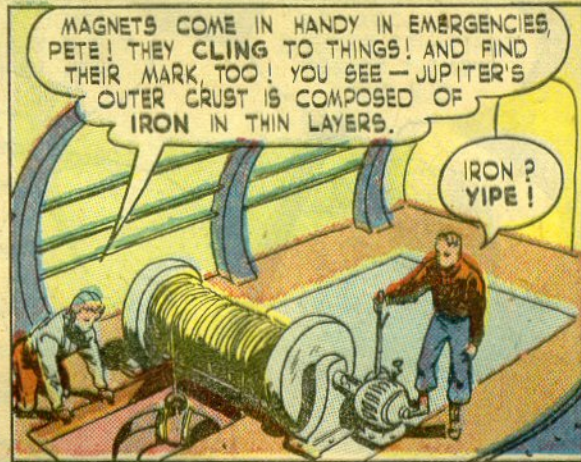
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SKYSCRAPER ON *SKIS!*

Walter Bietila

Member, U.S. Olympic Ski Team



WALTER BIETILA, THIRTY-ONE YEARS OLD, HAS BEEN CALLED THE "BEST AMERICAN-BORN SKI JUMPER." HE HAS WON A PLACE ON THE OLYMPIC SKI TEAM. IN 1946, WALTER WON SIX OUT OF EIGHT COMPETITIONS INCLUDING THE CENTRAL SKI ASSOCIATION AND THE EASTERN SKI ASSOCIATION TITLES. HE RATED SECOND IN THE TRYOUTS IN 1939 FOR THE SELECTION OF THE TEAM FOR INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION.

SKI JUMPS ARE MEASURED IN LENGTH, NOT HEIGHT. BIETILA'S LONGEST JUMP IN COMPETITION WAS 276 FEET. AT THE TAKE-OFF A SKI JUMPER IS TRAVELING FROM 60 TO 90 MILES PER HOUR.

COACH'S CORNER

STEEL flashes on ice—a lithe figure darts past the last defenseman—and scores the winning goal! A shout rises from the stands. “What an athlete!” you say, admiring the hero’s rugged physique. But the chances are that he wasn’t *born* with that fine build.

He had to *earn* it!

If *you* want to make the high school team, you’d better start your training program *early*. I have seen many boys in high schools and colleges disappointed because they were unable to make the team. They hadn’t learned sports skills when they were young.

Conditioning your body requires doing *early in life* the things that coaches suggest for their players. First, have a health examination. Make certain you are physically fit for the strenuous activity needed for most sports. If a health examination is not given in your school, ask your parents to have the family physician examine you. He will tell you if there is any condition that prevents you from taking part in any sport. If there is, try to have it corrected immediately. If you think there is something wrong, tell your parents and your teacher.

Second, have your teeth checked by a dentist twice a year, and be sure to follow his advice.

By **CARL L. NORDLY**
Professor of Physical
Education, University of
Minnesota

BUILD YOURSELF A BETTER BODY

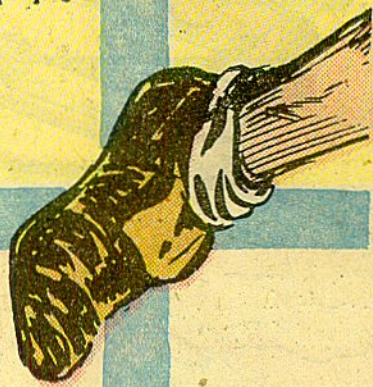
Third, use the proper first-aid methods. In sports, you may suffer bruises and scratches. Take care of them; you’ll have more fun and will do better at school. Always keep first-aid supplies handy.

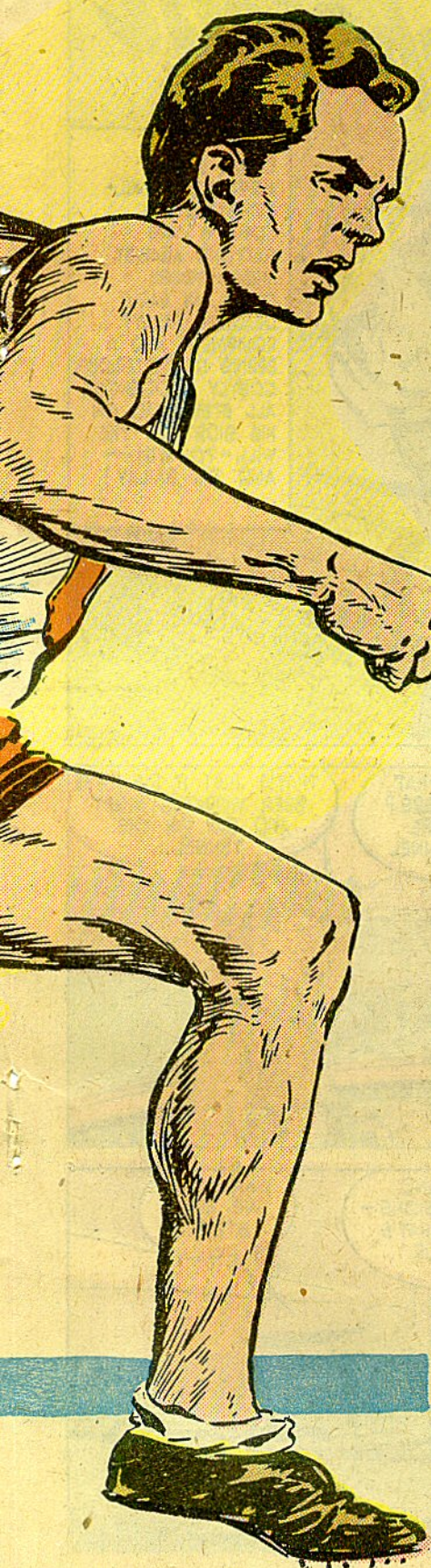
Fourth, avoid habits which will injure your health. Some people think that health is merely absence of disease or freedom from defects, but health is a much more positive condition than that. You will be a better athlete if you are in *top* condition.

Give your body a chance to develop and grow as it should. That means: *get plenty of sleep*. All coaches want their players to get plenty of rest.

Another good rule is to eat good food. Uncle Sam has recommended that we eat something from the “Basic Seven” food groups each day. Your body needs a supply of vitamins, minerals, proteins, and other important food elements. The “Basic Seven” groups are:

1. Green and yellow vegetables—some raw, cooked, frozen or canned.
2. Oranges, tomatoes, grapefruit—or raw cabbage or salad greens.
3. Potatoes and other vegetables and fruits—raw, dried, cooked, frozen or canned.
4. Milk—milk products—fluid, evaporated, dried; or cheese.





5. Meat, poultry, fish or eggs—or dried beans, peas, nuts or peanut butter

6. Bread, flour, and cereals—natural whole grain, or enriched or restored.

7. Butter or margarine (with added Vitamin A).

If you haven't talked about the "Basic Seven" in school, ask your teacher to send for one of the charts for your bulletin board. Then everyone in your class can learn more about diet. Let's remember it's just as important now to clean our plates as it was during the war. We must conserve food in order to help those in other countries who are short of even the most basic amount of food.

Another rule is: *keep clean*. Cleanliness can prevent infections which may weaken your body and prevent your becoming a strong, capable athlete.

If you want to develop your muscles, engage daily in activities (preferably outdoors) that will give you exercise. You have about seven hundred muscles in your body. Yes, you have them all *right now*! Feeding, using, and resting your muscles will help them become strong. For some sports, only a small amount of strength is necessary; for others, a great amount. Try to develop equally the muscles of your arms, shoulders, trunk, and legs. A very good friend of mine says "A one-sport man develops one-sport muscles." If you engage in a variety of sports, you have a better chance of developing a well-proportioned body. Also, good muscle-tone will help you maintain good posture. You certainly want your friends to notice your ability to maintain proper posture when you are sitting, standing, and walking.

Running is one of the most important sports. Run with your toes pointed straight ahead and your body forward. Be sure not to raise your head so that it tilts backward. When running for speed, bring your knees high, bend your arms slightly at the elbows, and swing them straight forward. As you grow older, develop endurance by running in a relaxed way until you get your "second wind." If your training program has been proper and your health good, you will be able to run longer distances. Running, as well as other sports which require running, helps to develop endurance and normal heart efficiency. Pulling, pushing, lifting, jumping, and climbing increase muscle size and help muscles to grow strong.

Yes, the best time to learn is when you are young. For this reason, many schools are giving more time to physical education. If you have ambitions to be a baseball player, learn to throw, catch, bat, and run. Try several positions and then work hard at the one for which you are best fitted. If you want to be a basketball player, learn now to shoot, pass, dribble, feint, and to play defense positions. The same plan should be followed for other sports. If you learn several, you have a better chance to make a high school or college team.

There are sports you will enjoy for many years after you have finished your education; golf, tennis, swimming, and skating. The more games you play, the more fun you will have both in school and later in life.

Be sure to warm up before you try a difficult stunt or start to play any games. A good warm-up loosens the muscles and starts the blood going faster. Many athletes have injured themselves because they failed to warm up before an "all out" effort. If you are a baseball player, warm up your arm gradually before throwing hard. If you are a pitcher, give your arm plenty of rest between games when you are on the mound. Never pitch two full games on consecutive days.

Avoid injurious health habits. Some boys think it is smart to smoke. Don't be that kind of "smarty" if you have athletic ambitions. Instead, save your money to buy athletic equipment that will be good for your body. Smoking will do it harm.

Be a *good sport*! Learn to lose without alibis. When you win, do not boast. To be popular with your friends, be a good team player.

Finally, "keep your head." You cannot play your best when you fail to concentrate on the game. Coaches want players who have mental poise because they are dependable. When you are crabbing, your mind is not on the game. Be honest—do not try to get around any of the rules. Always give your best.

So remember: **ATHLETES ARE MADE—NOT BORN!**

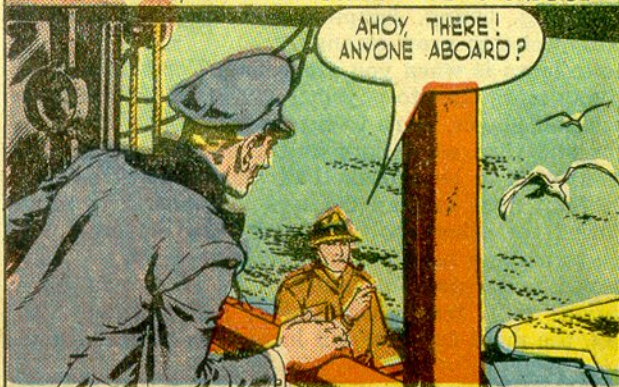
A THRILLING NEW DIG BAILEY ADVENTURE

SANDHOG Sabotage



YOUNG STEVE MORGAN'S TUNNEL-CONSTRUCTION COMPANY WAS BATTLING AGAINST MIGHTY TOUGH ODDS...AN EARLY DEADLINE, FAULTY EQUIPMENT, AND A SERIES OF MYSTERIOUS, COSTLY ACCIDENTS! ALL STEVE HAD ON HIS SIDE WAS THE WILL-TO-WIN — AND DIG BAILEY!

AS NIGHT FALLS, A VISITOR BOARDS THE "BROADSIDE"...



STEVE MORGAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE BUSY ON YOUR TUNNEL PROJECT.

THAT'S JUST IT, DIG, WE'VE BEEN WORKING NIGHT AND DAY ON THE TUNNEL...

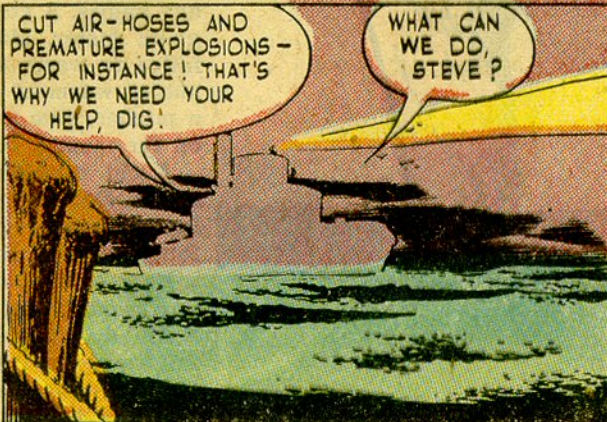


...BUT WE'VE BEEN HAVING ALL KINDS OF ACCIDENTS THAT HAVE BEEN HOLDING US UP!



ACCIDENTS? WHAT KIND?

CUT AIR-HOSES AND PREMATURE EXPLOSIONS — FOR INSTANCE! THAT'S WHY WE NEED YOUR HELP, DIG!



WHAT CAN WE DO, STEVE?

WE'RE GETTING NEAR OUR DEADLINE NOW! IF WE DON'T COMPLETE THE TUNNEL BY THE END OF THE MONTH, A RIVAL COMPANY OWNED BY DAN PETERS WILL TAKE OVER.



...AND YOU WANT US TO HELP MAKE SURE THAT NO MORE MYSTERIOUS ACCIDENTS HAPPEN BEFORE YOU FINISH THE JOB?

THAT'S IT, DIG! YOU KNOW THE RIVER — AND YOU CAN HELP US GUARD AGAINST TROUBLE.



WE'LL GET RIGHT ON THE JOB, STEVE!

THANKS A MILLION, DIG! I'VE GOT TO GET OVER TO THE TUNNEL COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE NOW TO REPORT TO HIM.



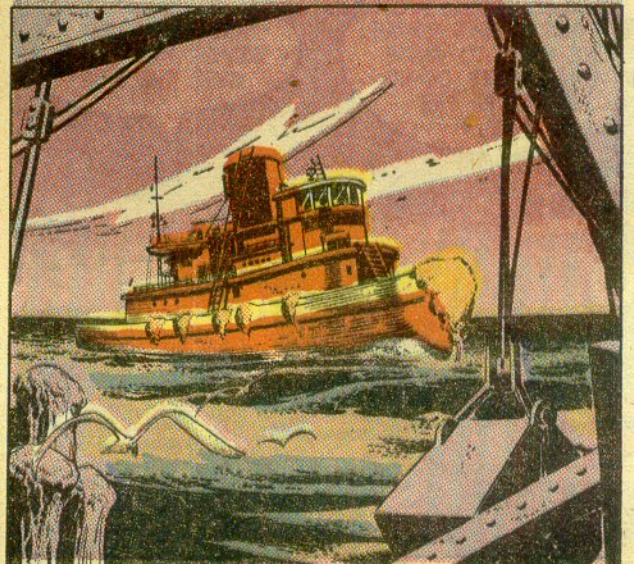
THE CREW OF THE TUG 'BROADSIDE' MOBILIZES FOR ACTION...

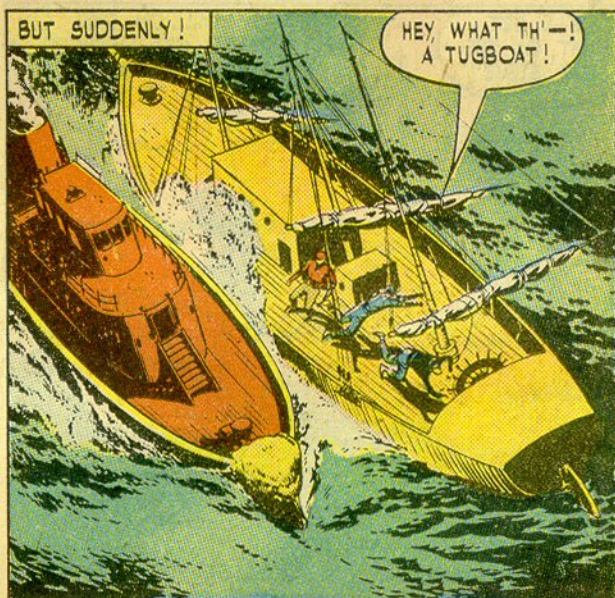
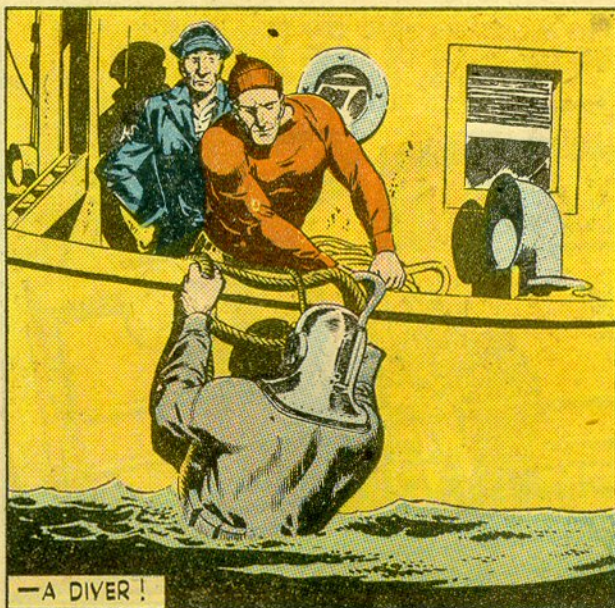
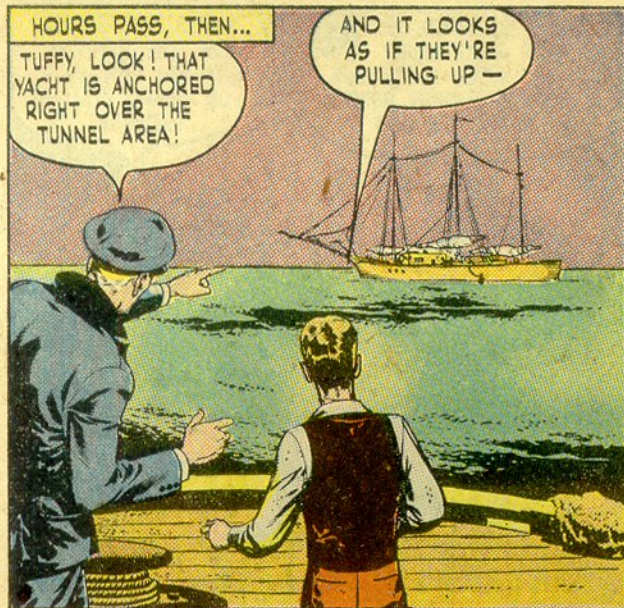
WHAT'S UP, DIG? HOW COME THE ARTILLERY?

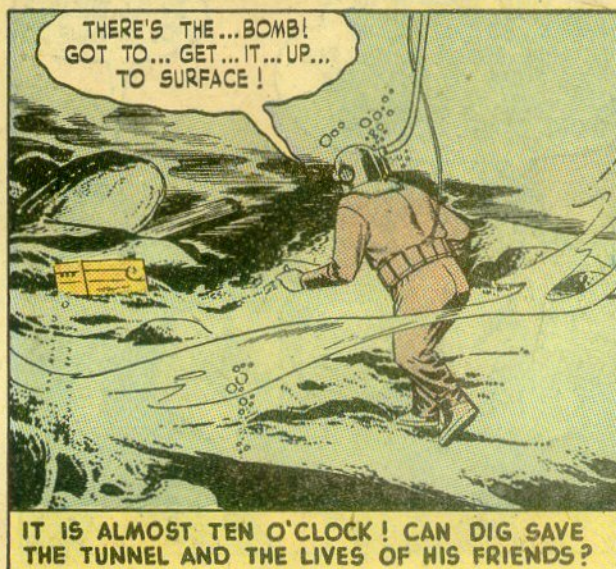
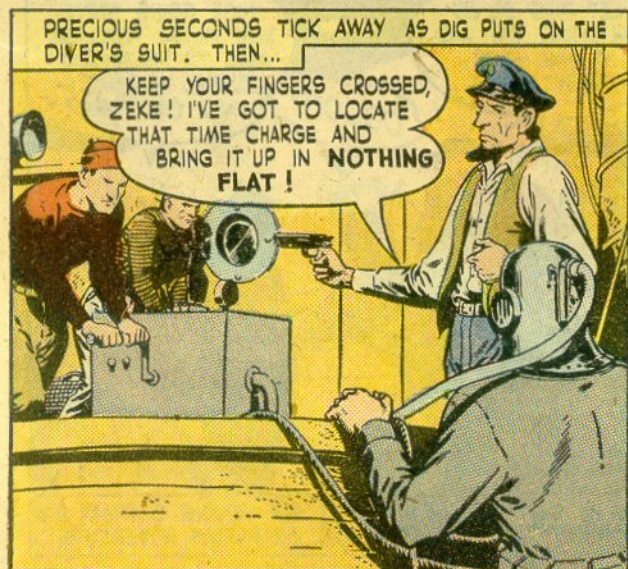
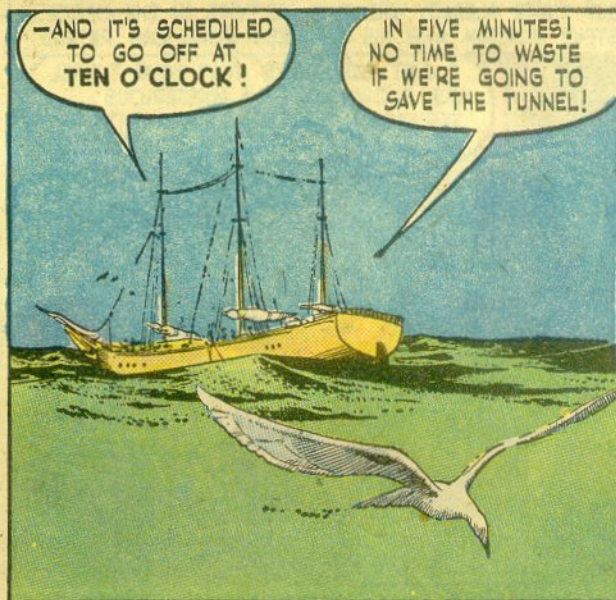
WELL, TUFFY, WE'RE GOING TO PATROL THE RIVER OVER STEVE MORGAN'S TUNNEL, JUST IN CASE —



—JUST IN CASE SOME SCALLYWAG IS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!







IT'S TWENTY SECONDS TO
TEN! HE'LL NEVER GET
THE BOMB UP IN TIME!

WAIT! THERE'S DIG
NOW! HURRY—GET
HIM ON DECK!



THERE! I
DISCONNECTED
THE TIME
FUSE!

GOOD! NOW LET'S GET THIS
TUB MOVING. WE'VE GOT A
VISIT TO PAY TO THE TUNNEL
COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE!



BUT THERE ALREADY ARE TWO VISITORS IN THE OFFICE...
STEVE MORGAN AND HIS BUSINESS RIVAL, DAN PETERS!

I JUST GOT WORD THAT YOUR TUNNEL
WAS BLOWN UP BY A MYSTERIOUS
EXPLOSION, MORGAN! YOU MIGHT AS
WELL GIVE UP ON THE CONTRACT...



...AND LET ME
TAKE IT OVER!

NOT SO FAST, PETERS!
THAT EXPLOSION WAS SUPPOSED
TO HAPPEN AT TEN O'CLOCK...
BUT IT DIDN'T! WE BROUGHT
UP THE DEPTH BOMB!



YOU KNEW ABOUT IT IN
ADVANCE... SO THAT MEANS
YOU WERE BEHIND IT! YOU PAID
THOSE THUGS TO PLANT THE
BOMB—AND TO CAUSE ALL
THOSE OTHER ACCIDENTS!

I—I'LL BREAK
YOU IN HALF!



LET THIS BE MY
PLEASURE, DIG! AND
THANKS—FOR
EVERYTHING!

NICE GOING, STEVE.
NOW MAYBE YOU'LL BE
ABLE TO FINISH THAT
TUNNEL IN PEACE—
AND ON TIME!



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BAILEY FOR THRILL-PACKED, SEAFARING ADVENTURE!

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TOURNAMENT

By WARREN L. ROYER



THE smell of damp towels and rosin was heavy in the locker room as Timmy Mullane sat on the bench lacing his shoes. Above his head the crowd sounded vague and far away, although the roof of the locker room actually underlay the bleachers.

Timmy finished tying his shoes and put on his jacket. Mickey Williams stood next to him bouncing a basketball off the wall. The Coach said, "Cut it out, Mick. Sit down and rest."

Timmy drew a deep breath. He was nervous. The final of the State Tournament—it was a big game for Brockton. Not that he would have anything to do with whether they won or lost, all he would do would be to sit on the bench and sweat the game out from start to finish. He wondered if he'd be as nervous if he were in the starting line-up.

He stretched his legs and studied the number 45 painted in red on the locker in front of him. In an hour or perhaps a little more it would be all over. For a whole season they had pointed for this game, and in one short hour they would learn whether that preparation had been good or not quite good enough.

Mr. Doran, the coach, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and turned to the bench.

"O.K., fellows. Sit down now."

Timmy wondered if he felt as calm and assured as he sounded.

Jocko Carnahan crowded in beside Timmy on the bench. The team grew quiet, waiting. Coach Doran began to give the starting line-up—Mickey, Deedlow, Dick, Knees, Harry.

"You're playing a man-for-man defense tonight, remember", the coach said. "Mickey, you take Kirwin. Guard him close. He's a good long shot. Dick, you take Monk. Watch that left-handed hook shot."

Timmy stirred on the bench. The crowd above broke into a roar, almost drowning the Coach's voice. Ellisfield must be coming out on the floor.

The Coach was still talking. "Now, you've beaten these guys twice this year. I don't want any of you getting the shakes and blowing the game just because it's a tournament. Better go out and warm up a while now."

"You warming up with me?" Jocko Carnahan asked Timmy.

"Yeah, I guess so."

They moved towards the door. Behind Timmy, Walt Menson dropped a ball and it made an echoing sound in the narrow room. The door opened and the muffled noise of the crowd suddenly became alive. Timmy wiped the palms of his hands on his trunks as he trotted after Jocko out on the floor. This was the night. Tonight, it was for keeps.

The warm-up period seemed interminable. The Coach, standing at the side of the floor, called to Knees, told him he was shooting from too far out—and to practice close shots. At last he called the five starters over. They gathered in a tight circle around him, getting final instructions. Timmy sat down on the end of the bench. A cheerleader, finishing an acrobatic, almost landed in his lap.

The referee's whistle shrilled; the players trotted to their positions. An outburst of cheering was followed by a moment of almost oppressive silence, then the ball was in the air at center and the momentarily silent stands broke into a roar as the game got under way.

Ellisfield got the tip. Maywood passed off to Monk and Monk broke across the middle and scored almost before anyone drew a deep breath. Ellisfield led, 2-0.

The first quarter resolved into a bitter duel, with both teams matching basket for basket, free throw for free throw. There weren't many of either. The teams were bottling each other up tightly. On the bench, Timmy nervously clenched his fists, then rubbed his palms down his legs.

An Ellisfield player stole the ball from Mickey, and Timmy heard the Coach mutter something under his breath. It sounded like "got the shakes."

The horn sounded the end of the first quarter. Timmy looked at the scoreboard. It read 10-10.

The second quarter began much like the first. Ellisfield scored. Deedlow tied it up for Brockton. The Ellisfield team went ahead on another field goal. They added a free throw. Monk went down the side, hooked the ball, and it slipped through. Ellisfield was five points ahead. Timmy dug his heels against the hardwood floor.

The guy hadn't even seen the basket on that last shot. He had just thrown the ball up there.

The Coach was calling Jocko. "Go in for Knees." Jocko walked to the scorer's table. The horn blew, and the stands cheered Knees as he trotted to the bench.

The game went on, Timmy watching every play with his fingernails digging into his palms. His stomach did flipflops.

The nasal tone of the scorer's horn cut through the roaring of the crowd. The referees looked at the timer. "Half!"

Timmy stared unbelievably at the scoreboard. The half couldn't be over already! The score was Ellisfield 21, Brockton 15.

The six players who had been in the game went into the dressing room with Coach Doran. The rest of the men stayed out on the floor, listlessly tossing shots at the hoop. Timmy's stomach was curling up tighter. He wanted that second half to begin.

The players began coming out of the dressing room, and Timmy wondered what the Coach had said to them. Plenty, probably.

The referee's whistle again called the players to the center of the floor, and Timmy sat on the edge of the bench, watching tensely.

Brockton began to go, creeping slowly up on a hard-working Ellisfield five. Fighting for the ball, driving every minute, they managed to hold Ellisfield down and gain back some of those precious points. With three minutes to go in the third quarter, the score was 28-27, Ellisfield. Then Mickey momentarily went to sleep guarding Kirwin, and the fleet Ellisfield forward slipped in for an easy lay-up and it was 30-27. Two free throws by Jocko matched another Ellisfield basket, and the score was 32-29 as the third quarter ended.

Timmy eased his position. They had picked up three points that quarter; all they needed was three more—

The fourth quarter began. The two teams pounded up and down the floor. Mickey scored on a one-hander from the free throw line. Monk hit another hook shot. The pace speeded up and the play became a little ragged as the two teams fought for the ball. A free throw by Dick cancelled one by Ellisfield. A pair of field goals had

the same effect. The official's time-out halted play with four minutes of playing time left and players, coaches, and spectators relaxed momentarily. Timmy took another glance at the scoreboard. 37-36. Only one point. He crossed his fingers.

It was Ellisfield's ball out of bounds when time came back in. They scored on a neat screen play. Brockton came within one point again as Harry sneaked under for a lay-up. The clock was ticking the seconds away. Kirwin set himself far out, shot. The ball hit the back of the rim, bounced straight up, and dropped through. Timmy ran his hand through his hair. He didn't have any right making that kind of shot. Nobody did.

The scoreboard clock showed a minute-and-half left to play. Coach Doran began sending in substitutes, taking men out, putting them in, trying to stop the clock and save a precious second of time on each substitution.

Monk intercepted a pass, snapped the ball to Kirwin, who took a one-hander. Timmy watched the ball drop through. Five points now. The Coach called him.

"Take off your jacket and get ready to go in for Dick."

Timmy slipped out of his jacket, waited. There was just one minute left in the game. Harry faked around his man and scored. Everyone was shouting. Noise rolled around Timmy so he couldn't think. He didn't want to think.

Brockton got the ball, the coach said "Now!" and Timmy raced to the scorer's table and reported. The referee's whistle made a break in the game and Timmy ran out. "Mullane for Whitman," he told the referee, and laid a hand on Dick's shoulder.

"42's your man," Dick told Timmy and walked slowly off.

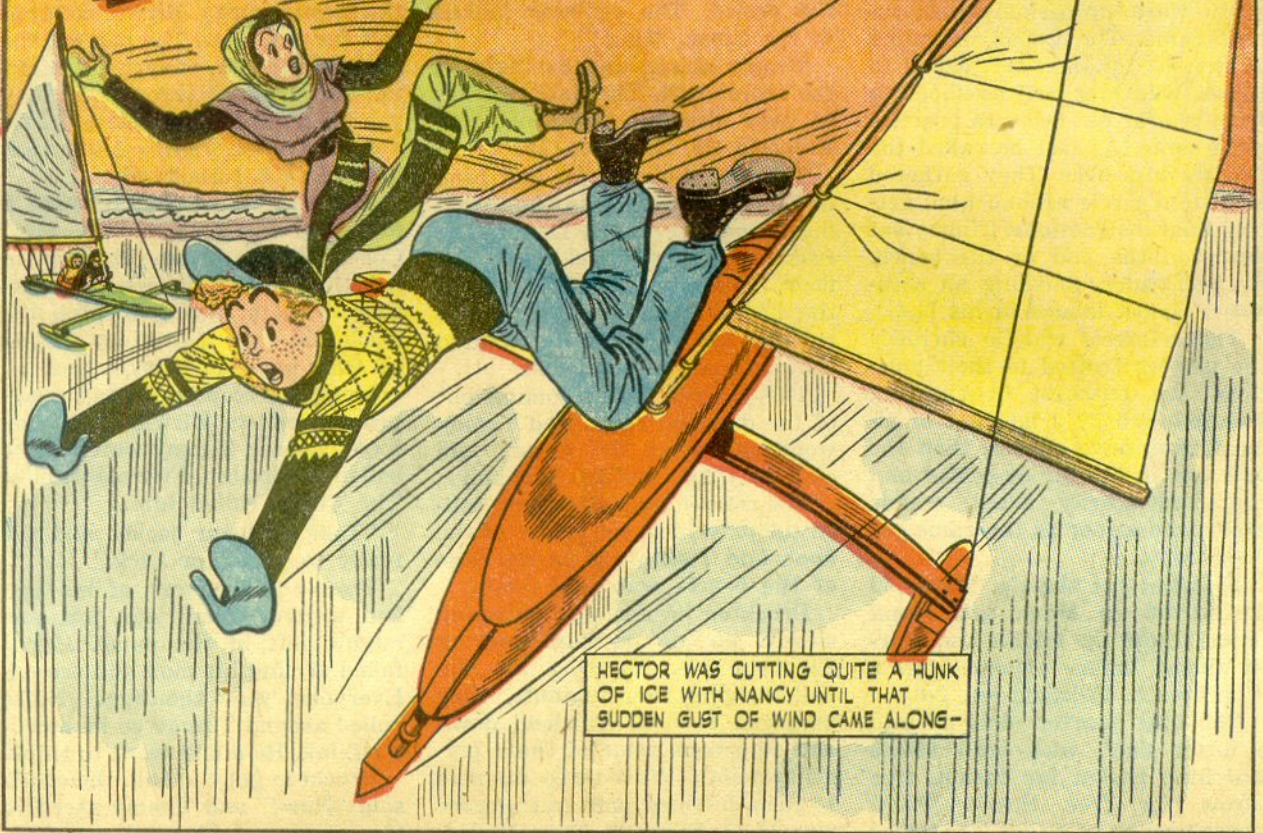
Timmy set himself. It was a jump ball, with Jocko and Kirwin jumping. Jocko got the tip and it came over to Timmy. He passed off to Mickey, and Kirwin fouled Mickey as he tried to cut off the pass. Suddenly Timmy's throat felt unbearably dry.

He glanced at the scoreboard. The score read 43-40. Timmy dropped back to the middle of the floor to cover as the teams lined up at the free throw lane. Mickey set himself on the line, and Tim-

(Continued on page 32)

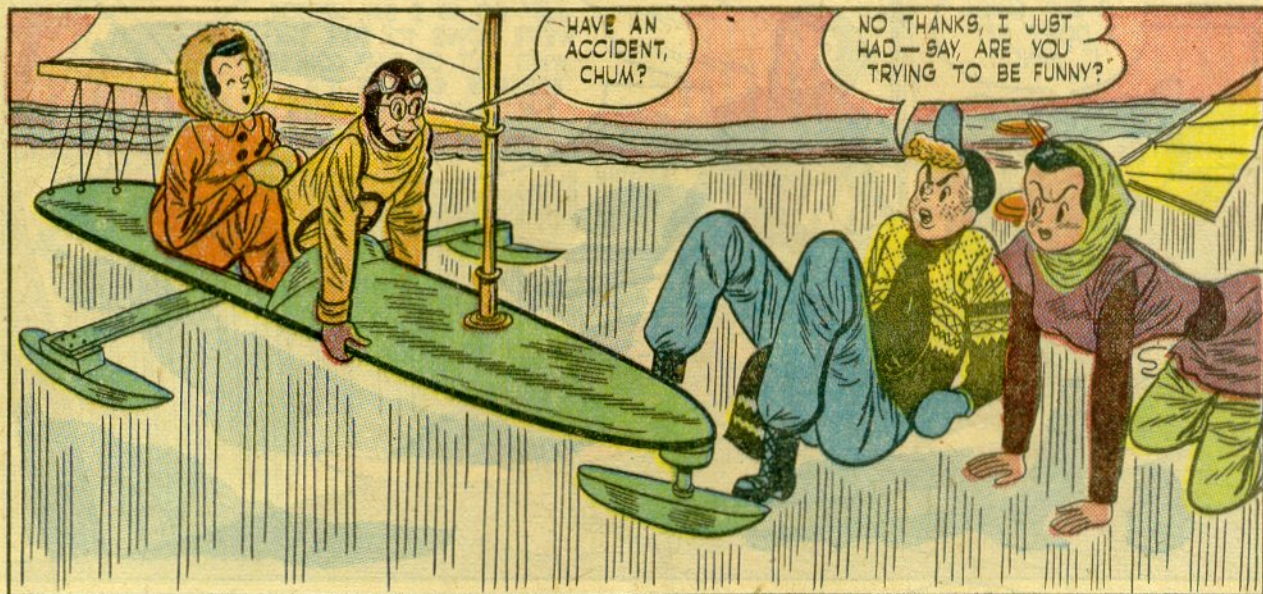
HECTOR

BUILDS AN ICE BOAT



HECTOR WAS CUTTING QUITE A HUNK OF ICE WITH NANCY UNTIL THAT SUDDEN GUST OF WIND CAME ALONG-





HAVE AN
ACCIDENT,
CHUM?

NO THANKS, I JUST
HAD—SAY, ARE YOU
TRYING TO BE FUNNY?"



IT'S LANDLUBBERS LIKE
YOU WHO MAKE ICE-
BOATING UNSAFE FOR
SCIENTIFIC SAILORS
LIKE ME!



EGBERT SNEERY, YOU
MAY BE A SCIENTIFIC
SAILOR—BUT WHEN IT
COMES TO BEING
A REAL MAN—

I BEG
YOUR
PARDON!



IF YOU ARE IMPLYING THAT
HECTOR IS A BETTER MAN
THAN EGBERT—

PLEASE,
GIRLS!



THIS MATTER CAN BE SETTLED
VERY SIMPLY. I HEREBY CHALLENGE HECTOR
TO A RACE! AND THE LOSER MUST WALK
ACROSS THE RIVER ON
STILTS!

ULP!

WE
ACCEPT!



LATER...

B-BUT SKIS!
I DON'T GET
IT, NANCY.

JUST DO AS I SAY, HECTOR.
WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THE
WIND OUT OF THAT CONCEITED
EGBERT'S SAILS IF IT'S
THE LAST—HERE COMES
THE BIG DRIP NOW!



HELLO,
EGGHEAD!

HOW'S THE
SCIENTIFIC
SAILOR
TODAY?



THE NAME IS EGBERT,
BEAN-BRAIN!



DUNCE! THOSE
SKIS WILL RUIN YOUR
CENTER OF LATERAL
RESISTANCE. BESIDES,
YOUR SAIL SURFACE IS
ENTIRELY INADEQUATE...



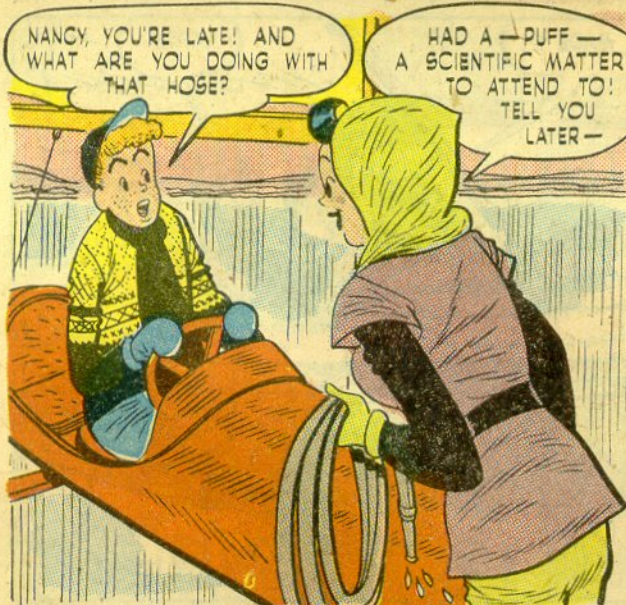
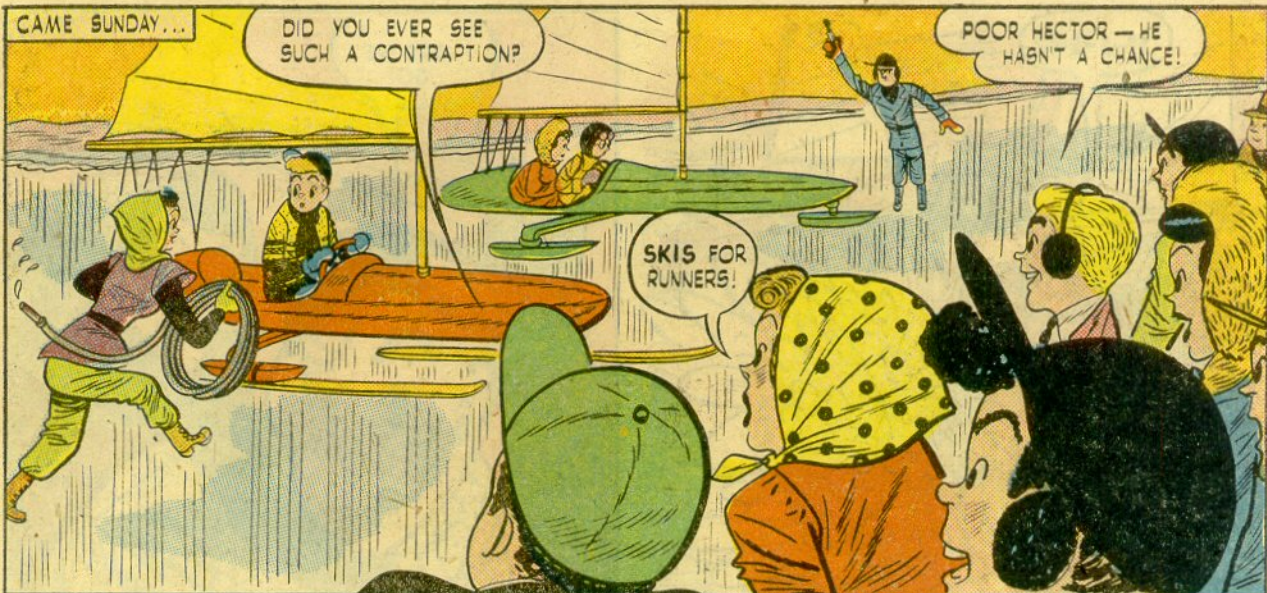
BUT ANYWAY, YOU
HAVEN'T A CHANCE
AGAINST MY EXTRUDED
DURALUMINUM MAST!

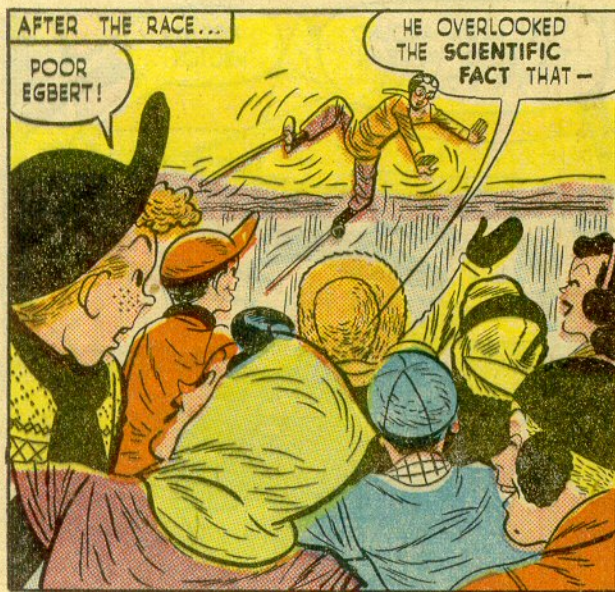
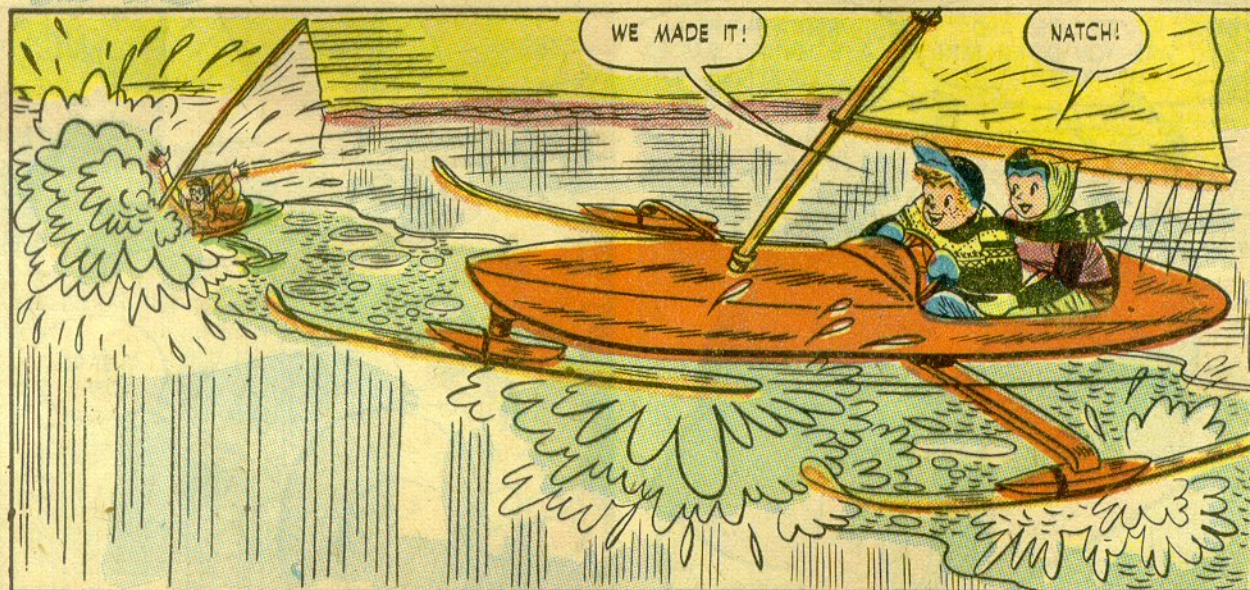
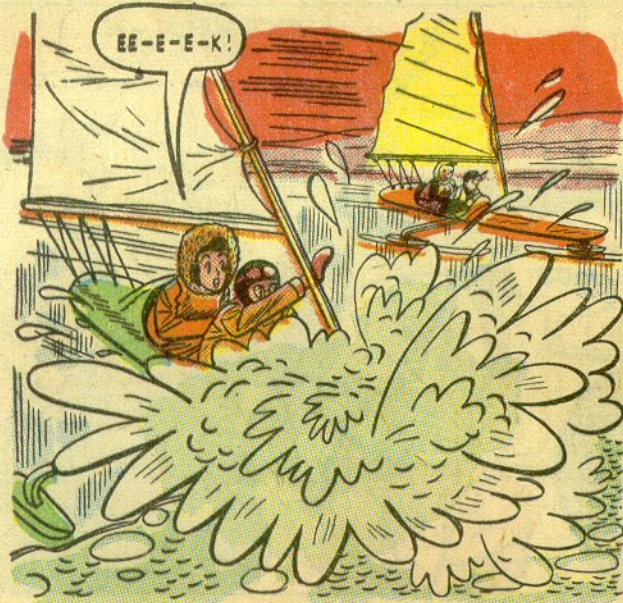


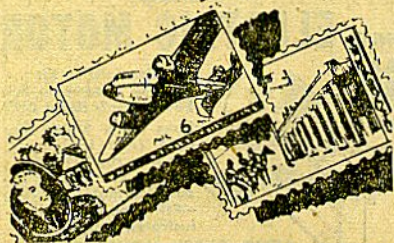
SO LONG, LANDLUBBER—
SEE YOU, SUNDAY.

SEE! HE'S TOO
SCIENTIFIC—
WE'RE LICKED.

ZIP YOUR LIP,
SMARTYANTS—
WE'LL BE THERE.







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CAPITAL STAMP CO.
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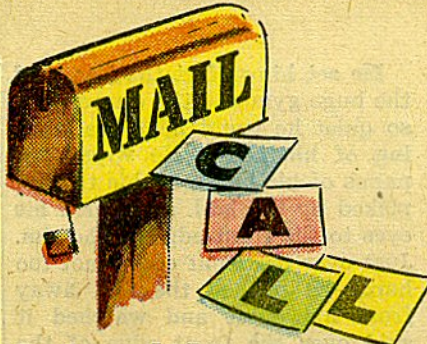
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LITTLETON STAMPCO, Littleton 27, N. H.



Tex Granger Art Fan

Of all the stories in CALLING ALL BOYS, I like Tex Granger best. The story part is very exciting and whoever does the drawing sure knows his horses! They look as if they're going to gallop right off the page. And those cowboys with the ten-gallon hats! Zowie!

*Sam Graf,
Taos, New Mexico*

Family Favorites

My father always reads the comics to us as soon as CALLING ALL BOYS comes.

My brother and I like Big-brain Billy and my father likes the Hector stories.

*Mark Reese,
Cincinnati, Ohio*

Future Athlete, We'll do our Best!

Coach's Corner is just what we boys like. I play football and hockey and hope to learn how to play tennis next summer.

Would like to read a tennis article by a pro or a ranking player. How about it, editor?

*Ralph Bates,
Seattle, Washington*

Likes Science and Gadgets

That science article was swell. Have dug out my microscope and hope to come up with something big. Will let you know.

Would like the whole story on William Perkin and the dye industry.

It's cold up here where I live — any chance of getting one of Gustaf Galen's gadgets to warm up my room in the morning?

*Pierre Bernard,
Montreal, Canada*

We'll Have Baseball Stories, too!

That One-Play Morgan football story was just tops—lots of suspense and action. I'd like to see a baseball story in CALLING ALL BOYS, very soon

*George Stephens,
Boston, Mass.*

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946, OF CALLING ALL BOYS, published bi-monthly at Chicago, Ill., for October 1st, 1947.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared ELLIOTT CAPLIN, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the CALLING ALL BOYS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semi-weekly or tri-weekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, ELLIOTT CAPLIN, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, KENNETH L. HALL, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, G. Theodore Zignone, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Parents' Institute Comics Group, a wholly-owned subsidiary of The Parents' Institute, Inc., 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y., whose stockholders owning 1% or more of total stock and bonds are: Harry F. Guggenheim, 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; George J. Hecht, Trustee, 100 Gold Street, New York, N. Y.; Herzer Realty Corp., 125 West 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.; Institute of Advanced Study, Louis Bamberger & Mrs. Felix Fuld Foundation, c/o National Newark & Essex Banking Co., P. O. Box 569, Newark 1, N. J.; Mr. Herbert H. Lehman, c/o Lehman Brothers, 1 William Street, New York, N. Y.; George W. Naumburg, Room 4008, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Estate of James H. Post, 129 Front Street, New York, N. Y.; Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.; State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa; Teachers College, Columbia University, 525 West 120th Street, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Lawrence Ullman, LeRoy Avenue, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.; University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.; Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut; Chase National Bank, Trustee under Trust Indenture, dated April 9, 1929, 11 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are same as above.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and tri-weekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) ELLIOTT CAPLIN,
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1947.

(Seal) Ruth Jarvela,
(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

TOURNAMENT

(Continued from page 25)

my held his breath as the ball sailed in a low arc and swished through the net.

Ellisfield took the ball out, and it was passed in to Monk. Timmy and Deedlow rushed him. Timmy couldn't take time to look at the clock, but he knew there couldn't be much time left. Maybe fifteen seconds. He crowded closer to Monk, who was trying to flip it away. Then the ball was loose and Timmy was racing for it. He beat Monk to it by a flashing fraction of a second, and in the same second glanced toward the basket. He gripped the ball, leaped into the air, and pushed the ball out with one hand. At the same time he felt Monk's arm slap across his own as he tried desperately to block the shot. Timmy watched the ball soar up, curve down, ring the hoop once, and drop through. The score was tied!

But the referees had called a foul on Monk. They nodded to the scorekeeper that the basket counted. And Timmy had one free shot.

He looked at the clock for the hundredth time, it seemed, that evening. Never had time been so important. There were just three seconds left in the ball game. Time out while he shot the free throw. He could win it right here.

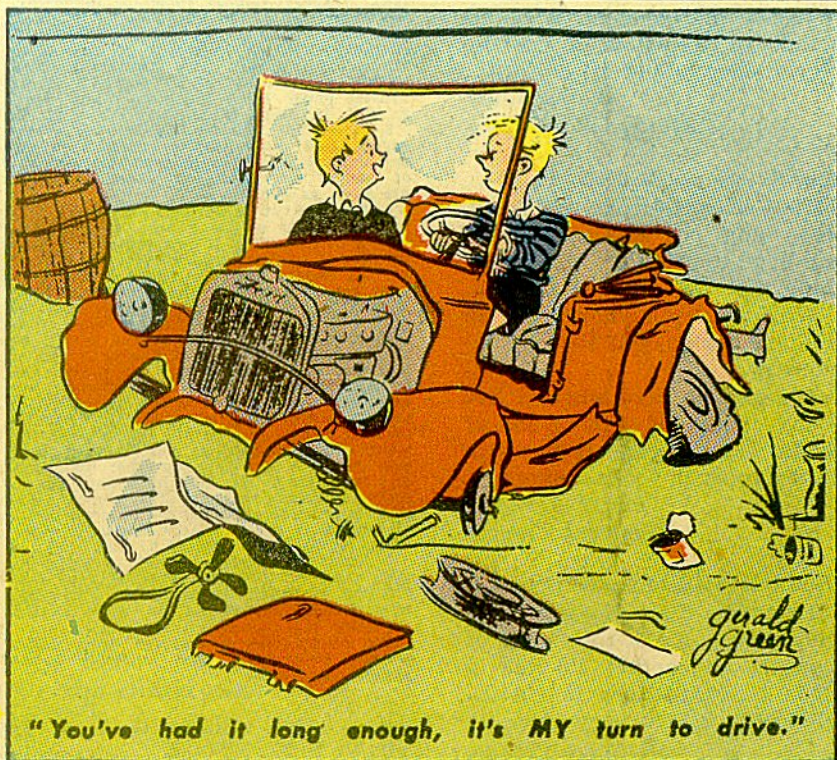
He set himself at the line, and the huge gym and the crowd were so quiet he could hear the beating of his heart. He wiped the palms of his hands on his trunks, picked up the ball, and glued his eyes to the front edge of the rim. Just over the front edge—not too hard—he pushed the ball away from his chest and watched it skid over the front edge of the rim and through.

Everyone was going crazy, but there were still three seconds to play. Ellisfield took the ball out, Monk passed in to Kirwin, and Kirwin took a desperate shot almost the length of the floor as the horn sounded. It was too long a shot and the ball fell short and bounded high in the air, rolling away toward the corner.

Then the team was crowding around Timmy, pounding him on the back, all shouting and talking at the same time.

In the dressing room, only the Coach remained calm. His even voice, telling them that they had played a nice game and adding "Take a shower before you cool off too much," brought Timmy back to reality. He wondered once again if anything could make the coach nervous or excited.

But Timmy wasn't nervous anymore. He walked to the shower room. He felt swell.



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